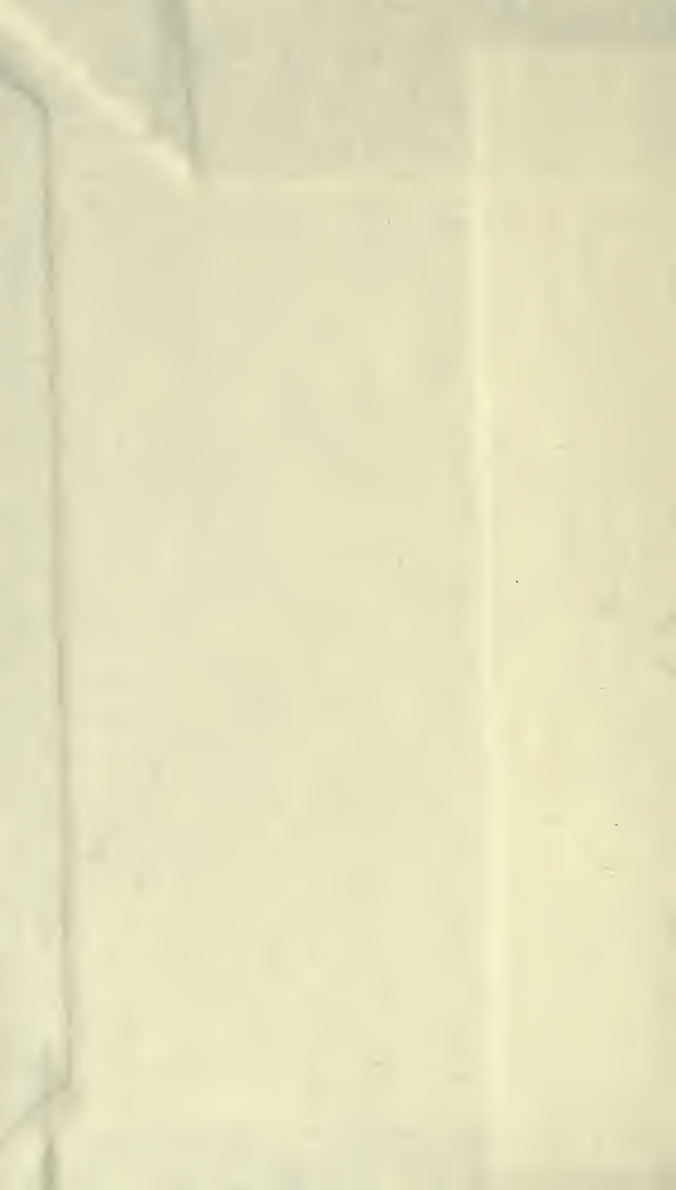
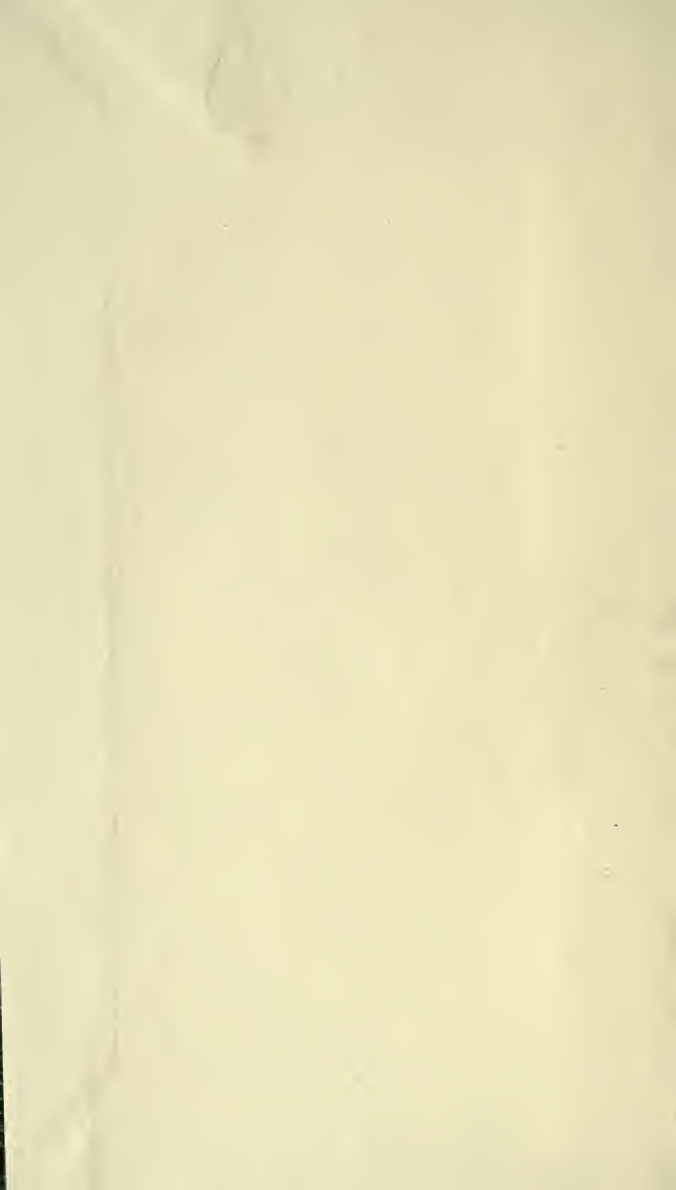


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POEMS OF
PASSION AND PLEASURE

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

POETICAL WORKS

AUTHORISED AND COMPLETE EDITIONS

POEMS OF PASSION
POEMS OF PLEASURE
POEMS OF POWER
POEMS OF CHEER
POEMS OF SENTIMENT
POEMS OF PROGRESS
MAURINE
THREE WOMEN
POEMS OF EXPERIENCE
YESTERDAYS
THE ENGLISHMAN
KINGDOM OF LOVE
POEMS OF OPTIMISM
POEMS OF PURPOSE
HELLO BOYS

LONDON

GAY AND HANCOCK, LIMITED



"THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD."

~~LE~~

~~W6675p~~

POEMS OF
PASSION AND PLEASURE

BY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



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LONDON

GAY AND HANCOCK, LIMITED

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The only volumes of my Poems issued with my approval in the British Empire are published by Messrs. Gay and Hancock, Ltd.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CONTENTS

POEMS OF PASSION

	PAGE
THE DESTROYER - - - - -	3
A <u>FALLEN LEAF</u> - - - - -	3
SO MANY WAYS - - - - -	4
THE SNOWFLAKE - - - - -	5
TO MEN - - - - -	6
GOD'S MOTTO - - - - -	8
<u>MOON AND SEA</u> - - - - -	9
HOW LIKE THE SEA - - - - -	9
THAT DAY - - - - -	10
THREEFOLD - - - - -	11
<u>LOVE IS ALL</u> - - - - -	13
A LOVER'S QUARREL - - - - -	15
REPLY TO RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEM - - - - -	16
THE BED - - - - -	17
SAYS CUPID TO MAMMON - - - - -	18
<u>LOVE'S LANGUAGE</u> - - - - -	20
IMPATIENCE - - - - -	22
COMMUNISM - - - - -	23
THE COMMON LOT - - - - -	24
INDIVIDUALITY - - - - -	26
FRIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE - - - - -	27
QUERIES - - - - -	28

	PAGE
UPON THE SAND - - - - -	30
REUNITED - - - - -	30
WHAT SHALL WE DO? - - - - -	31
'THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE'	32
ANSWERED - - - - -	34
THROUGH THE VALLEY - - - - -	36
BUT ONE - - - - -	37
GUILO - - - - -	37
THE DUET - - - - -	39
LITTLE QUEEN - - - - -	41
WHEREFORE - - - - -	42
DELILAH - - - - -	43
LOVE-SONG - - - - -	45
TIME AND LOVE - - - - -	46
CHANGE - - - - -	47
DESOLATION - - - - -	48
ISAURA - - - - -	49
NOT QUITE THE SAME - - - - -	50
FROM THE GRAVE - - - - -	51
A WALTZ-QUADRILLE - - - - -	53
BEPPO - - - - -	55
TIRED - - - - -	56
THE SPEECH OF SILENCE - - - - -	57
CONVERSION - - - - -	58
LOVE'S COMING - - - - -	59
OLD AND NEW - - - - -	60
PERFECTNESS - - - - -	61
BLEAK WEATHER - - - - -	62
ATTRACTION - - - - -	63
GRACIA - - - - -	63
AD FINEM - - - - -	65
NEW AND OLD - - - - -	66
THE TRIO - - - - -	67

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
AN ANSWER - - - - -	68
YOU WILL FORGET ME - - - - -	69
THE FAREWELL OF CLARIMONDE - - - - -	70

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE LOST GARDEN - - - - -	72
ART AND HEART - - - - -	74
AS BY FIRE - - - - -	75
IF I SHOULD DIE - - - - -	76
MISALLIANCE - - - - -	77
RESPONSE - - - - -	78
DROUGHT - - - - -	79
THE CREED - - - - -	80
PROGRESS - - - - -	81
MY FRIEND - - - - -	82
RED CARNATIONS - - - - -	83
LIFE IS TOO SHORT - - - - -	84
A SCULPTOR - - - - -	85
CREATION - - - - -	85
BEYOND - - - - -	86
THE SADDEST HOUR - - - - -	87
SHOW ME THE WAY - - - - -	88
MY HERITAGE - - - - -	89
RESOLVE - - - - -	90
AT ELEUSIS - - - - -	91
COURAGE - - - - -	92
SOLITUDE - - - - -	92
THE YEAR OUTGROWS THE SPRING - - - - -	93
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD - - - - -	94
THE TIGER - - - - -	95
ONLY A SIMPLE RHYME - - - - -	96
I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT - - - - -	97

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ANSWERED PRAYERS	160
THE LADY OF TEARS	160
THE MASTER HAND	162
SECRET THOUGHTS	164
THERE COMES A TIME	165
THE WORLD	166
NECESSITY	167
ACHIEVEMENT	168
BELIEF	168
WHATEVER IS—IS BEST	169
PEACE AT THE GOAL	170
THE LAW	171
RECOMPENSE	172
<u>DESIRE</u>	173
DEATHLESS	174
KEEP OUT OF THE PAST	175
THE FAULT OF THE AGE	176
DISTRUST	177
ARTIST AND MAN	177

MISCELLANEOUS

BABYLAND	179
<u>A FACE</u>	180
AN OLD COMRADE	181
ENTRE-ACTE REVERIES	183
A PLEA	185
THE ROOM BENEATH THE RAFTERS	187
THE MOTHER-IN-LAW	188
AN OLD FAN	191
NO CLASSES	192
<u>A GREY MOOD</u>	193
<u>AT AN OLD DRAWER</u>	194

CONTENTS

XI

	PAGE
THE OLD STAGE QUEEN - - - - -	196
FAITH - - - - -	197
THE TRUE KNIGHT - - - - -	199
THE CITY - - - - -	200
WOMAN - - - - -	201
THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO THE BODY - - - - -	202
THIMBLE ISLANDS - - - - -	203
MY GRAVE - - - - -	204
REFUTED - - - - -	205
THE LOST LAND - - - - -	206
THE SOUTH - - - - -	206
A SAILOR'S WIFE - - - - -	207
LIFE'S JOURNEY - - - - -	208
THE DISAPPOINTED - - - - -	210
FISHING - - - - -	211
A PIN - - - - -	213
THE ACTOR - - - - -	215
ILLOGICAL - - - - -	216
NEW YEAR - - - - -	218
NEW YEAR - - - - -	219
NOW - - - - -	220

POEMS OF PASSION

THE DESTROYER

WITH care, and skill, and cunning art
She parried Time's malicious dart,
And kept the years at bay,
Till passion entered in her heart
And aged her in a day !

A FALLEN LEAF

A TRUSTING little leaf of green,
A bold audacious frost ;
A rendezvous, a kiss or two,
And youth for ever lost.
Ah, me !
The bitter, bitter cost.

A flaunting patch of vivid red,
That quivers in the sun ;
A windy gust, a grave of dust,
The little race is run.
Ah, me !
Were that the only one.

SO MANY WAYS

SO MANY WAYS

I

EARTH has so many ways of being fair :
 Its sweet young Spring, its Summer clothed in
 light,
 Its regal Autumn trailing into sight
 As Summer wafts her last kiss on the air ;
 Bold, virile Winter with the wind-blown hair,
 And the broad beauty of a world in white.
 Mysterious dawn, high noon, and pensive night,
 And over all God's great worlds watching there.
 The voices of the birds at break of day ;
 The smell of young buds bursting on the tree ;
 The soft, suggestive promises of bliss,
 Uttered by every subtle voice of May ;
 And the strange wonder of the mighty sea,
 Lifting its cheek to take the full moon's kiss.

II

Love has so many ways of being sweet :
 The timorous, rose-hued dawning of its reign
 Before the senses waken ; that dear pain
 Of mingled doubt and certainty ; the fleet,
 First moment when the clasped hands meet
 In wordless eloquence ; the loss and gain
 When the strong billows from the deeper main
 Submerge the valleys of the incomplete.

THE SNOWFLAKE

5

The restless passion rising into peace ;
The growing beauty of two paths that blend
Into one perfect way. The glorious faith
That feels no fear of life's expiring lease ;
And that majestic victory at the end
When love, unconquered, triumphs over death.

THE SNOWFLAKE

ALL sheltered by the mother-cloud
The little flake looked down ;
It saw the city's seething crowd,
It saw the shining town.

'How fair and far those steeples rise
To greet us, mother dear !
It is so lovely in the skies,
Why do we linger here ?

'The north wind says the merry earth
Is full of life and glow ;
I long to mingle with its mirth—
O mother ! let us go.'

The mother-cloud reached out her arm.
'O little flake,' quoth she,
'The earth is full of sin and harm,
Bide here, bide here, with me.'

TO MEN

But when the pale cloud-mother slept,
 The north wind whispered, ' Fly !'
 And from her couch the snowflake crept
 And tiptoed down the sky.

Before the Winter's sun his fleet
 Brief journey made that day,
 All soiled and blackened in the street
 The little snowflake lay.

TO MEN

SIRS, when you pity us, I say
 You waste your pity. Let it stay,
 Well corked and stored upon your shelves,
 Until you need it for yourselves.

We do appreciate God's thought
 In forming you, before He brought
 Us into life. His art was crude,
 But oh, so virile in its rude

Large elemental strength : and then
 He learned His trade in making men ;
 Learned how to mix and mould the clay
 And fashion in a finer way.

How fine that skilful way can be
 You need but lift your eyes to see ;
 And we are glad God placed you there
 To lift your eyes and find us fair.

Apprentice labour though you were,
He made you great enough to stir
The best and deepest depths of us,
And we are glad He made you thus.

Ay ! we are glad of many things.
God strung our hearts with such fine strings
The least breath moves them, and we hear
Music where silence greets your ear.

We suffer so ? but women's souls,
Like violet powder dropped on coals,
Give forth their best in anguish. Oh,
The subtle secrets that we know.

Of joy in sorrow, strange delights
Of ecstasy in pain-filled nights,
And mysteries of gain in loss
Known but to Christ upon the Cross !

Our tears are pitiful to you ?
Look how the heaven-reflecting dew
Dissolves its life in tears. The sand
Meanwhile lies hard upon the strand.

How could your pity find a place
For us, the mothers of the race ?
Men may be fathers unaware,
So poor the title is you wear.

GOD'S MOTTO

But mothers——? who that crown adorns
 Knows all its mingled blooms and thorns ;
 And she whose feet that path hath trod
 Has walked upon the heights with God.

No, offer us not pity's cup.
 There is no looking down or up
 Between us : eye looks straight in eye :
 Born equals, so we live and die.

GOD'S MOTTO

THIS is the season of wooing and mating,
 The heart of Nature calls out for its own,
 And God have pity on those who are waiting
 The fair unfolding of Spring, alone.
 For the fowls fly north in pairs together,
 And two by two are the leaves unfurled,
 And the whole intent of the wind and weather
 Is to waken love in the thought of the world.

Up through the soil where the grass is springing,
 To flaunt green flags in the golden light,
 Each little sprout its mate is bringing
 (Oh ! one little sprout were a lonely sight).
 We wake at dawn with the silvery patter
 Of bird-notes falling like showers of rain,
 And need but listen to prove their chatter
 The amorous echo of love's sweet pain.

In the buzz of the bee and the strong steed's neighing,
In the bursting bud and the heart's unrest,
The voice of Nature again is saying,
In God's own motto, that love is best.
For this is the season of wooing and mating,
The heart of Nature calls out for its own ;
And O the sorrow of souls that are waiting
The soft unfolding of Spring, alone !

MOON AND SEA

YOU are the moon, dear love, and I the sea :
The tide of hope swells high within my breast,
And hides the rough dark rocks of life's unrest
When your fond eyes smile near in perigee.
But when that loving face is turned from me,
Low falls the tide, and the grim rocks appear,
And earth's dim coast-line seems a thing to fear.
You are the moon, dear one, and I the sea.

HOW LIKE THE SEA

HOW like the sea, the myriad-minded sea,
Is this large love of ours : so vast, so deep,
So full of mysteries ! It, too, can keep
Its secrets, like the ocean ; and is free,

THAT DAY

Free, as the boundless main. Now it may be
 Calm, like the brow of some sweet child asleep;
 Again its seething billows surge and leap
 And break in fulness of their ecstasy.

Each wave so like the wave which came before,
 Yet never two the same! Imperative
 And then persuasive as the cooing dove,
 Encroaching ever on the yielding shore—
 Ready to take; yet readier still to give—
 How like the myriad-minded sea, is love!

THAT DAY

O HEART of mine, through all those perfect days,
 Whether of white Decembers or green Mays,
 There runs a dark thought like a creeping snake,
 Or like a black thread which by some mistake
 Life has strung through the pearls of happy years,
 A thought which borders all my joy with tears.

Some day, some day, or you, or I, alone,
 Must look upon the scenes we two have known,
 Must tread the selfsame paths we two have trod,
 And cry in vain to one who is with God.
 To lean down from the Silent Realms and say:
 'I love you' in the old familiar way.

Some day—and each day, beautiful though it be,
 Brings closer that dread hour for you or me.
 Fleet-footed joy, who hurries time along,
 Is yet a secret foe who does us wrong ;
 Speeding us gaily, though he well doth know
 Of yonder pathway where but one may go.

Ay, one will go. To go is sweet, I wis—
 Yet God must needs invent some special bliss
 To make His Paradise seem very dear
 To one who goes and leaves the other here.
 To sever souls so bound by love and time,
 For any one but God, would be a crime.

Yet death will entertain his own, I think.
 To one who stays life gives the gall to drink ;
 To one who stays, or be it you or me,
 There waits the Garden of Gethsemane.
 O dark, inevitable, and awful day,
 When one of us must go and one must stay

THREEFOLD

I

OUR love wakes in the morning, unafraid
 To meet the little worries of the day ;
 And if a haggard dawn, dull-eyed and grey,
 Peers in upon us through the window shade,

THREEFOLD

Full soon love's finger, rosy tipped, is laid
 Upon its brow, and gloom departs straightway.
 All outer darkness melts before that ray
 Of inner light, whereof our love is made ;
 Each petty trouble and each pigmy care,
 And those gaunt-visaged duties which so fill
 Life's path by day, do borrow of love's grace.
 Though he be dear alway, and debonair,
 In the young morning best he proves his skill,
 Lending his lustre to the commonplace.

II

Our love looks boldly in the noon's bold eyes ;
 He has no thing to hide, no thing to fear ;
 And if the world stands far, or jostles near,
 He walks alway serene, without disguise,
 Naked and not ashamed, beneath the skies.
 He does not need dark backgrounds to appear
 Radiant, for even through the broad day's clear
 Effulgence his supernal beauties rise.
 Oh, there be loves that hide till day is done,
 Nocturnal loves, like silent birds of prey ;
 Secretive loves, that do not dare rejoice !
 Ours is an eagle that can face the sun,
 A wholesome love that glories in the day,
 And finds a rapture in its own glad voice.

III

Our love augments in beauty when the night
Shuts in our world between four sheltering walls.
Fair is the day, and yet its splendour palls ;
Dear are the shadows that obscure the light,
And dear the stars that tiptoe into sight ;
And when the curtain of deep darkness falls,
Then heart to heart in clearer accents calls,
And the whole universe is Love's by right.
There is no vexing world to interfere ;
No sorrow save the all too rapid flow
Of time's swift river, sweeping on and on.
We two are masters of this silent sphere—
Love is the only duty that we know,
Our only fear the menace of the dawn.

LOVE IS ALL

REPLY TO EDWIN MARKHAM'S 'MAN WITH A HOE'

THE time has come—ay, even now it is,
To rank that parable in Genesis
Of God's great curse of labour placed on man,
With other fairy tales. Why, God began
All work Himself! He was so full of force
He flung the solar systems on their course
And builded worlds on worlds : and not content,
He labours still. When mighty suns are spent

He forges on His white-hot anvil space
 New stars to tell His glory and His grace.
 Who most achieves, is most like God, I hold ;
 The idler is the black sheep in the fold.
 Not for the burdened toiler with the ' hoe '
 My tears of sorrow and compassion flow.
 Though he be dull, unlettered, and not fair
 To look upon, though he be bowed with care,
 Yet in his heart, if dear love fold its wings,
 He stands a monarch over unloved kings.
 One sorrow only in God's world has birth—
 To live unloving and unloved on earth.
 One joy alone makes earth a part of heaven—
 The joy of happy love received and given.

Down through the chaos of our human laws
 Love shines supreme, the great Eternal Cause.
 God loved so much, His thoughts burst into flame,
 And from that sacred Source creation came.
 The heart which feels this holy light within,
 Finds God, and man, and beast and bird its kin.
 All class distinctions fade and disappear ;
 Death is but life, and heaven, he feels, is near.
 Brother is he to ' ox ' and ' seraphim,'
 ' Slave to the wheel ' mayhap, yet kings to him
 And millionaires seem paupers, if from them
 Life has withheld its luminous great gem ;
 Or if his badge be sceptre, hoe, or hod,
 That man is king who knows that love is God.

A LOVER'S QUARREL

WE two were lovers, the Sea and I ;
We plighted our troth 'neath a summer sky.

And all through the riotous, ardent weather
We dreamed, and loved, and rejoiced together.

.

At times my lover would rage and storm.
I said : 'No matter, his heart is warm.'

Whatever his humour, I loved his ways,
And so we lived through the golden days.

I know not the manner it came about,
But in the autumn we two fell out.

Yet this I know—'twas the fault of the Sea,
And was not my fault, that he changed to me.

.

I lingered as long as a woman may
To find what her lover will do or say.

But he met my smiles with a sullen frown,
And so I turned to the wooing Town.

Oh, bold was this suitor, and blithe as bold !
His look was as bright as the Sea's was cold.

As the Sea was sullen, the Town was gay ;
He made me forget for a winter day.

For a winter day and a winter night
He laughed my sorrow away from sight.

And yet, in spite of his mirth and cheer,
I knew full well he was insincere.

And when the young buds burst on the tree,
The old love woke in my heart for the Sea.

Pride was forgotten—I knew, I knew,
That the soul of the Sea, like my own, was true

I heard him calling, and lo! I came,
To find him waiting, for ever the same.

And when he saw me, with murmurs sweet
He ran to meet me, and fell at my feet.

And so again 'neath a summer sky
We have plighted our troth, the Sea and I.

REPLY TO RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEM

'He travels the fastest who travels alone.'

WHO travels alone with his eye on the heights,
Though he laughs in the daytime, oft weeps
through the nights;

For courage goes down with the set of the sun,
When the toil of the journey is all borne by one.
He speeds but to grief, though full gaily he ride,
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

REPLY TO RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEM 17

Who travels alone, without lover or friend,
But hurries from nothing, to nought at the end ;
Though great be his winnings, and high be his goal,
He is bankrupt in wisdom, and beggared in soul.
Life's one gift of value to him is denied
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

It is easy enough in this world to make haste
If we live for that purpose ; but think of the waste !
For life is a poem to leisurely read,
And the joy of a journey lies not in its speed.
Oh ! vain his achievement, and petty his pride,
Who travels alone without Love at his side.

THE BED

A HARSH and homely monosyllable,
Abrupt and musicless, and at its best
An inartistic object to the eye,
Yet in this brief and troubled life of man
How full of majesty the part it plays !
It is the cradle which receives the soul,
Naked and wailing, from the Maker's hand.
It is the throne of Love's enlightenment ;
And when death offers back to God again
The borrowed spirit, this the holy shrine
From which the hills delectable are seen.

Through all the anxious journey to that goal
 It is man's friend, physician, comforter.
 When labour wearies, and when pleasure palls,
 And the tired heart lets faith slip from its grasp,
 'Tis here new courage and new strength are found,
 While doubt and darkness change to hope and light
 It is the common ground between two spheres
 Where men and angels meet and converse hold.
 It is the confidant of hidden woe
 Masked from the world beneath a smiling brow.
 Into its silent breast young's wakeful joy
 Whispers its secret through the starlit hours,
 And, like a white-robed priestess, oft it hears
 The wild confession of a crime-stained soul
 That looks unflinching in the eyes of men.
 A common word, a thing unbeautiful,
 Yet in this brief, eventful life of man
 How large and varied is the part it plays!

SAYS CUPID TO MAMMON

YOURS is a magic key. It opens wide
 The door whereon is writ 'Society'
 And 'No admittance save to the elect.'
 Slowly, and with reluctance oftentimes,
 The heavy hinges turn; yet turn away
 When you persist, so potent is your power.

Through halls kept sacred to the name of Caste
You walk, undaunted by the silent stare
Of proud ancestral faces on the walls—
Your coat of arms the mighty \$ sign.

You influence nations, rule affairs of state,
And purchase leaders. Politics to-day
Is but another synonym for that
Ignoble, base word—money.

With your key

You enter churches, and pervert the creed,
And substitute the word of man for Christ's
Large loving utterances. You buy and sell
And 'water' and 'manipulate' religion
Like stock upon the street ; your satellites
Kneel in their cushioned pews and mumble prayers
With hatred in their hearts, and pride and greed
Where brotherhood should dwell.

All this you do,
O monarch, but behold your Wellington !
In Love's fair court there is no lock which turns
For Mammon's key. When Hymen gives you
heed,

He stands without my gates, no ken of mine.

Love has the only kingdom in the world
Where money cannot purchase place or power ;
And in the rapture of one mutual kiss,

When soul meets soul as lip clings close to lip,
Lies more delight than all earth's other realms
Combined can offer to the human heart.

In this brief life the memory of one hour
Of perfect love is worth all other joys,
And he who has it not, though he be king,
Goes beggared through the world.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE

HOW does Love speak?
In the faint flush upon the telltale cheek,
And in the pallor that succeeds it; by
The quivering lid of an averted eye—
The smile that proves the parent to a sigh—
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?
By the uneven heart-throbs, and the freak
Of bounding pulses that stand still and ache,
While new emotions, like strange barges, make
Along vein-channels their disturbing course;
Still as the dawn, and with the dawn's swift force—
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak?
In the avoidance of that which we seek—
The sudden silence and reserve when near—

The eye that glistens with an unshed tear—
The joy that seems the counterpart of fear,
As the alarmèd heart leaps in the breast,
And knows, and names, and greets its godlike guest—
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak ?

In the proud spirit suddenly grown meek—
The haughty heart grown humble ; in the tender
And unnamed light that floods the world with
splendour ;
In the resemblance which the fond eyes trace
In all fair things to one belovèd face ;
In the shy touch of hands that thrill and tremble—
In looks and lips that can no more dissemble—
Thus doth Love speak.

How does Love speak ?

In the wild words that uttered seem so weak
They shrink ashamed to silence ; in the fire
Glance strikes with glance, swift flashing high and
higher,
Like lightnings that precede the mighty storm ;
In the deep soulful stillness ; in the warm,
Impassioned tide that sweeps through throbbing veins,
Between the shores of keen delights and pains ;
In the embrace where madness melts in bliss,
And in the convulsive rapture of a kiss—
Thus doth Love speak.

IMPATIENCE

HOW can I wait until you come to me ?
The once fleet mornings linger by the way ;
Their sunny smiles touched with malicious glee
At my unrest, they seem to pause and play
Like truant children, while I sigh and say,
How can I wait ?

How can I wait ? Of old, the rapid hours
Refused to pause or loiter with me long ;
But now they idly fill their hands with flowers,
And make no haste, but slowly stroll among
The summer blooms, not heeding my one song,
How can I wait ?

How can I wait ? The nights alone are kind ;
They reach forth to a future day, and bring
Sweet dreams of you to people all my mind ;
And time speeds by on light and airy wing.
I feast upon your face, I no more sing,
How can I wait ?

How can I wait ? The morning breaks the spell
A pitying night has flung upon my soul.
You are not near me, and I know full well
My heart has need of patience and control ;
Before we meet, hours, days, and weeks must roll.
How can I wait ?

How can I wait ? O Love, how can I wait
Until the sunlight of your eyes shall shine
Upon my world that seems so desolate ?
Until your hand-clasp warms my blood like wine ;
Until you come again, O Love of mine,
How can I wait ?

COMMUNISM

WHEN my blood flows calm as a purling river,
When my heart is asleep and my brain has
sway,

It is then that I vow we must part for ever,
That I will forget you, and put you away
Out of my life, as a dream is banished
Out of the mind when the dreamer awakes ;
That I know it will be when the spell has vanished,
Better for both of our sakes.

When the court of the mind is ruled by Reason,
I know it is wiser for us to part ;
But Love is a spy who is plotting treason,
In league with that warm, red rebel, the Heart.
They whisper to me that the King is cruel,
That his reign is wicked, his law a sin,
And every word they utter is fuel
To the flame that smoulders within.

And on nights like this, when my blood runs riot
 With the fever of youth and its mad desires,
 When my brain in vain bids my heart be quiet,
 When my breast seems the centre of lava-fires,
 Oh, then is the time when most I miss you,
 And I swear by the stars and my soul and say
 That I will have you, and hold you, and kiss you,
 Though the whole world stands in the way.

And like Communists, as mad, as disloyal,
 My fierce emotions roam out of their lair ;
 They hate King Reason for being royal—
 They would fire his castle, and burn him there.
 O Love ! they would clasp you, and crush you and
 kill you,
 In the insurrection of uncontrol.
 Across the miles, does this wild war thrill you
 That is raging in my soul ?

THE COMMON LOT

IT is a common fate—a woman's lot—
 To waste on one the riches of her soul,
 Who takes the wealth she gives him, but cannot
 Repay the interest, and much less the whole.
 As I look up into your eyes, and wait
 For some response to my fond gaze and touch,
 It seems to me there is no sadder fate
 Than to be doomed to loving overmuch

Are you not kind? Ah, yes, so very kind—
So thoughtful of my comfort, and so true.
Yes, yes, dear heart; but I, not being blind,
Know that I am not loved, as I love you.

One tenderer word, a little longer kiss,
Will fill my soul with music and with song;
And if you seem abstracted, or I miss
The heart-tone from your voice, my world goes
wrong.

And oftentimes you think me childish—weak—
When at some thoughtless word the tears will
start;
You cannot understand how aught you speak
Has power to stir the depths of my poor heart.

I cannot help it, dear—I wish I could,
Or feign indifference where I now adore;
For if I seemed to love you less, you would,
Manlike, I have no doubt, love me the more.

'Tis a sad gift, that much applauded thing,
A constant heart; for fact doth daily prove
That constancy finds oft a cruel sting,
While fickle natures win the deeper love.

INDIVIDUALITY

AH yes, I love you, and with all my heart ;
 Just as a weaker woman loves her own,
 Better than I love my beloved art,
 Which, till you came, reigned royally, alone,
 My king, my master. Since I saw your face
 I have dethroned it, and you hold that place.

I am as weak as other women are—

Your frown can make the whole world like a tomb,
 Your smile shines brighter than the sun, by far ;
 Sometimes I think there is not space or room
 In all the earth for such a love as mine,
 And it soars up to breathe in realms divine.

I know that your desertion or neglect

 Could break my heart, as women's hearts do break ;
 If my wan days had nothing to expect
 From your love's splendour, all joy would forsake
 The chambers of my soul. Yes, this is true.
 And yet, and yet—one thing I keep from you.

There is a subtle part of me, which went

 Into my long pursued and worshipped art ;
 Though your great love fills me with such content,
 No other love finds room now in my heart.
 Yet that rare essence was my art's alone.
 Thank God, you cannot grasp it ; 'tis mine own.

Thank God, I say, for while I love you so,
With that vast love, as passionate as tender,
I feel an exultation as I know

I have not made you a complete surrender.
Here is my body ; bruise it, if you will,
And break my heart ; I have that something still.

You cannot grasp it. Seize the breath of morn,
Or bind the perfume of the rose as well.

God put it in my soul when I was born ;

It is not mine to give away, or sell,
Or offer up on any altar shrine.

It was my art's ; and when not art's, 'tis mine.

For love's sake, I can put the art away,

Or anything which stands 'twixt me and you ;
But that strange essence God bestowed, I say,

To permeate the work He gave to do :
And it cannot be drained, dissolved, or sent
Through any channel, save the one He meant.

FRIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE

AFTER the fierce midsummer all ablaze
Has burned itself to ashes, and expires
In the intensity of its own fires,
There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days

Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.
 So after Love has led us, till he tires
 Of his own throes, and torments, and desires,
 Comes large-eyed friendship : with a restful gaze,
 He beckons us to follow, and across
 Cool verdant vales we wander free from care.
 Is it a touch of frost lies in the air ?
 Why are we haunted with a sense of loss ?
 We do not wish the pain back, or the heat ;
 And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.

QUERIES

WELL, how has it been with you since we met
 That last strange time of a hundred times ?
 When we met to swear that we could forget—
 I your caresses, and you my rhymes—
 The rhyme of my lays that rang like a bell,
 And the rhyme of my heart with yours, as well ?

How has it been since we drank that last kiss,
 That was bitter with lees of the wasted wine,
 When the tattered remains of a threadbare bliss,
 And the worn-out shreds of a joy divine,
 With a year's best dreams and hopes, were cast
 Into the ragbag of the Past ?

Since Time, the rag-buyer, hurried away
 With a chuckle of glee at the bargain made,
 Did you discover, like me, one day
 That hid in the folds of those garments frayed
 Were priceless jewels and diadems—
 The soul's best treasures, the heart's best gems ?

Have you, too, found that you could not supply
 The place of those jewels so rare and chaste ?
 Do all that you borrow, or beg, or buy,
 Prove to be nothing but skilful paste ?
 Have you found pleasure, as I find art,
 Not all-sufficient to fill your heart ?

Do you sometimes sigh for the tattered shreds
 Of the old delight that we cast away,
 And find no worth in the silken threads
 Of newer fabrics we wear to-day ?
 Have you thought the bitter of that last kiss
 Better than sweets of a later bliss ?

What idle queries !—or yes or no—
 Whatever your answer, I understand
 That there is no pathway by which we can go
 Back to the dead past's wonderland ;
 And the gems he purchased from me, and you,
 There is no rebuying, from Time, the Jew.

UPON THE SAND

ALL love that has not friendship for its base,
Is like a mansion built upon the sand.

Though brave its walls as any in the land,
And its tall turrets lift their heads in grace ;
Though skilful and accomplished artists trace
Most beautiful designs on every hand,
And gleaming statues in dim niches stand,
And fountains play in some flow'r-hidden place :

Yet, when from the frowning east a sudden gust
Of adverse fate is blown, or sad rains fall
Day in, day out, against its yielding wall,
Lo ! the fair structure crumbles to the dust.
Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,
Needs friendship's solid masonwork below.

REUNITED

LET us begin, dear love, where we left off ;
Tie up the broken threads of that old dream ;
And go on happy as before ; and seem
Lovers again, though all the world may scoff.
Let us forget the graves, which lie between
Our parting and our meeting, and the tears
That rusted out the goldwork of the years ;
The frosts that fell upon our gardens green.

Let us forget the cold malicious Fate
Who made our loving hearts her idle toys,
And once more revel in the old sweet joys
Of happy love. Nay, it is not too late !
Forget the deep-ploughed furrows in my brow ;
Forget the silver gleaming in my hair ;
Look only in my eyes ! O darling ! there
The old love shone no warmer then than now.

Down in the tender deeps of thy dear eyes,
I find the lost sweet memory of my youth,
Bright with the holy radiance of thy truth,
And hallowed with the blue of summer skies.
Tie up the broken threads, and let us go,
Like reunited lovers, hand in hand,
Back, and yet onward, to the sunny land
Of our To Be, which was our Long Ago.

WHAT SHALL WE DO ?

HERE now, for evermore our lives must part.
My path leads there, and yours another way.
What shall we do with this fond love, dear heart ?
It grows a heavier burden day by day.

Hide it ? In all earth's caverns, void and vast,
There is not room enough to hide it, dear ;
Not even the mighty storehouse of the past
Could cover it, from our own eyes, I fear.

Drown it ? Why, were the contents of each ocean
 Merged into one great sea, too shallow then
 Would be its waters, to sink this emotion
 So deep it could not rise to life again.

Burn it ? In all the furnace flames below,
 It would not in a thousand years expire.
 Nay ! it would thrive, exult, expand, and grow,
 For from its very birth it fed on fire.

Starve it ? Yes, yes, that is the only way.
 Give it no food, of glance, or word, or sigh,
 No memories, even, of any bygone day ;
 No crumbs of vain regrets—so let it die.

‘THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE’

THEY drift down the hall together ;
 He smiles in her lifted eyes.
 Like waves of that mighty river
 The strains of the ‘Danube’ rise.
 They float on its rhythmic measure,
 Like leaves on a summer stream ;
 And here, in this scene of pleasure,
 I bury my sweet dead dream.

Through the cloud of her dusky tresses,
Like a star, shines out her face ;
And the form his strong arm presses
Is sylph-like in its grace.
As a leaf on the bounding river
Is lost in the seething sea,
I know that for ever and ever
My dream is lost to me.

And still the viols are playing
That grand old wordless rhyme ;
And still those two are swaying
In perfect tune and time.
If the great bassoons that mutter,
If the clarinets that blow,
Were given a voice to utter
The secret things they know,

Would the lists of the slain who slumber
On the Danube's battle-plains
The unknown hosts outnumber
Who die 'neath the ' Danube's ' strains ?
Those fall where cannons rattle,
'Mid the rain of shot and shell ;
But these, in a fiercer battle,
Find death in the music's swell

ANSWERED

With the river's roar of passion
 Is blended the dying groan ;
 But here, in the halls of fashion,
 Hearts break, and make no moan.
 And the music, swelling and sweeping,
 Like the river, knows it all ;
 But none are counting or keeping
 The lists of those who fall.

ANSWERED

GOOD-BYE—yes, I am going.
 Sudden ? Well, you are right.
 But a startling truth came home to me
 With sudden force last night.
 What is it ? shall I tell you ?—
 Nay, that is why I go.
 I am running away from the battlefield,
 Turning my back on the foe,
 Riddles ? You think me cruel !
 Have you not been most kind ?
 Why, when you question me like that,
 What answer can I find ?
 You fear you failed to amuse me,
 Your husband's friend and guest,
 Whom he bade you entertain and please—
 Well, you have done your best.

Then why, you ask, am I going !
A friend of mind abroad,
Whose theories I have been acting upon
Has proven himself a fraud.
You have heard me quote from Plato
A thousand times, no doubt ;
Well, I have discovered he did not know
What he was talking about.

You think I am speaking strangely ?
You cannot understand ?
Well, let me look down into your eyes,
And let me take your hand.
I am running away from danger—
I am flying before I fall ;
I am going because with heart and soul
I love you—that is all.

There, now, you are white with anger.
I knew it would be so.
You should not question a man too close
When he tells you he must go.

THROUGH THE VALLEY

(AFTER JAMES THOMSON)

AS I came through the Valley of Despair,
As I came through the valley, on my sight,
More awful than the darkness of the night,
Shone glimpses of a Past that had been fair,
And memories of eyes that used to smile,
And wafts of perfume from a vanished isle,
As I came through the valley.

As I came through the valley I could see,
As I came through the valley, fair and far,
As drowning men look up and see a star,
The fading shore of my lost Used-to-be ;
And like an arrow in my heart I heard
The last sad notes of Hope's expiring bird,
As I came through the valley.

As I came through the valley desolate,
As I came through the valley, like a beam
Of lurid lightning I beheld a gleam
Of Love's great eyes that now were full of hate.
Dear God ! dear God ! I could bear all but that ;
But I fell down soul-stricken, dead, thereat,
As I came through the valley.

BUT ONE

THE year has but one June, dear friend,
 The year has but one June ;
 And when that perfect month doth end,
 The robin's song, though loud, though long,
 Seems never quite in tune.

The rose, though still its blushing face
 By bee and bird is seen,
 May yet have lost that subtle grace—
 That nameless spell the winds know well--
 Which makes its gardens queen.

Life's perfect June, love's red, red rose,
 Have burned and bloomed for me.
 Though still youth's summer sunlight glows ;
 Though thou art kind, dear friend, I find
 I have no heart for thee.

GUILO

YES, yes ! I love thee, Guilo ; thee alone.
 Why dost thou sigh, and wear that face of
 sorrow ?

The sunshine is to-day's, although it shone
 On yesterday, and may shine on to-morrow.

I love but thee, my Guilo ! be content,
 The greediest heart can claim but present pleasure,
 The future is thy God's. The past is spent.
 To-day is thine ; clasp close the precious treasure.

See how I love thee, Guilo ! Lips and eyes
 Could never under thy fond gaze dissemble.
 I could not feign these passion-laden sighs,
 Deceiving thee, my pulses would not tremble.

'And Paul?' Well, what of Paul? Paul had blue
 eyes,
 And Romney grey, and thine are darkly tender !
 One finds fresh feelings under change of skies—
 A new horizon brings a newer splendour.

As I love thee, I never loved before ;
 Believe me, Guilo, for I speak most truly.
 What though to Romney and to Paul I swore
 The selfsame words ; my heart now worships newly.

We never feel the same emotion twice :
 No two ships ever ploughed the selfsame billow ;
 The waters change with every fall and rise ;
 So, Guilo, go contented to thy pillow.

THE DUET

I WAS smoking a cigarette ;
Maud, my wife, and the tenor McKey
Were singing together a blithe duet,
And days it were better I should forget
 Came suddenly back to me,
Days when life seemed a gay masque ball,
And to love and be loved as the sum of it all.

As they sang together the whole scene fled,
The room's rich hangings, the sweet home air,
Stately Maud, with her proud blonde head,
And I seemed to see in her place instead
 A wealth of blue-black hair,
And a face, ah ! your face,—yours, Lisette,
A face it were wiser I should forget.

We were back—well, no matter when or where,
But you remember, I know, Lisette,
I saw you, dainty, and débonnaire,
With the very same look that you used to wear
 In the days I should forget.
And your lips, as red as the vintage we quaffed,
Were pearl-edged bumpers of wine when you
 laughed.

Two small slippers with big rosettes
 Peeped out under your kilt-skirt there,
 While we sat smoking our cigarettes
 (Oh, I shall be dust when my heart forgets !)
 And singing that selfsame air ;
 And between the verses for interlude,
 I kissed your throat, and your shoulders nude.

You were so full of a subtle fire,
 You were so warm and so sweet, Lisette ;
 You were everything men admire,
 And there were no fetters to make us tire ;
 For you were—a pretty grisette.
 But you loved, as only such natures can,
 With a love that makes heaven or hell for a man.

.

They have ceased singing that old duet,
 Stately Maud and the tenor McKey.
 ‘ You are burning your coat with your cigarette,
 And *qu’avez-vous*, dearest, your lids are wet,’
 Maud says, as she leans o’er me.
 And I smile, and lie to her, husband-wise,
 ‘ Oh, it is nothing but smoke in my eyes.’

LITTLE QUEEN

DO you remember the name I wore—
The old pet-name of Little Queen—
In the dear dead days that are no more,
The happiest days of our lives, I ween ?
For we loved with that passionate love of youth
That blesses but once with its perfect bliss,—
A love that, in spite of its trust and truth,
Seems never to thrive, in a world like this.

I lived for you, and you lived for me ;
All was centred in 'Little Queen' ;
And never a thought in our hearts had we
That strife or trouble could come between.
What utter sinking of self it was !
How little we cared for the world of men !
For love's fair kingdom, and love's sweet laws,
Were all of the world and life to us then.

But a love like ours was a challenge to fate ;
She rang down the curtain and shifted the scene,
Yet sometimes now, when the day grows late,
I can hear you calling for Little Queen ;
For a happy home and a busy life
Can never wholly crowd out our past ;
In the twilight pauses that come from strife,
You will think of me while life shall last

WHEREFORE

And however sweet the voice of fame
 May sing to me of a great world's praise,
 I shall long sometimes for the old pet-name
 That you gave to me in the dear, dead days ;
 And nothing the angel band can say,
 When I reach the shores of the great Unseen
 Can please me so much as on that day
 To hear your greeting of ' Little Queen.'

WHEREFORE

WHEREFORE in dreams are sorrows born
 anew,

A healed wound opened, or the past revived ?
 Last night in my deep sleep I dreamed of you—
 Again the old love woke in me, and thrived
 On looks of fire, and kisses, and sweet words
 Like silver waters purling in a stream,
 Or like the amorous melodies of birds :
 A dream—a dream.

Again upon the glory of the scene
 There settled that dread shadow of the cross
 That, when hearts love too well, falls in between—
 That warns them of impending woe and loss.
 Again I saw you drifting from my life,
 As barques are rudely parted in a stream ;
 Again my heart was torn with awful strife :
 A dream—a dream.

Again the deep night settled on me there,
Alone I groped, and heard strange waters roll.
Lost in that blackness of supreme despair.
That comes but once to any living soul.
Alone, afraid, I called your name aloud—
Mine eyes, unveiled, beheld white stars a gleam,
And lo! awake, I cried, 'Thank God, thank God,
A dream—a dream !'

DELILAH

IN the midnight of darkness and terror,
When I would grope nearer to God,
With my back to a record of error
And the highway of sin I have trod,
There come to me shapes I would banish—
The shapes of the deeds I have done ;
And I pray and I plead till they vanish—
All vanish and leave me, save one.

That one, with a smile like the splendour
Of the sun in the middle-day skies—
That one, with a spell that is tender—
That one with a dream in her eyes—
Cometh close, in her rare Southern beauty
Her languor, her indolent grace ;
And my soul turns its back on its duty
To live in the light of her face.

DELILAH

She touches my cheek, and I quiver—
I tremble with exquisite pains ;
She sighs—like an overcharged river
My blood rushes on through my veins ;
She smiles—and in mad-tiger fashion,
As a she-tiger fondles her own,
I clasp her with fierceness and passion,
And kiss her with shudder and groan.

Once more, in our love's sweet beginning,
I put away God and the World ;
Once more, in the joys of our sinnings,
Are the hopes of eternity hurled.
There is nothing my soul lacks or misses
As I clasp the dream-shape to my breast ;
In the passion and pain of her kisses
Life blooms to its richest and best.

O ghost of dead sin unrelenting,
Go back to the dust, and the sod !
Too dear and too sweet for repenting,
Ye stand between me and my God.
If I, by the Throne, should behold you,
Smiling up with those eyes loved so well,
Close, close in my arms I would fold you,
And drop with you down to sweet Hell !

LOVE-SONG

ONCE in the world's first prime,
 When nothing lived or stirred ;
 Nothing but new-born Time,
 Nor was there even a bird—
 The Silence spoke to a Star ;
 But I do not dare repeat
 What it said to its love afar :
 It was too sweet, too sweet.

But there, in the fair world's youth,
 Ere sorrow had drawn breath,
 When nothing was known but Truth,
 Nor was there even death,
 The Star to Silence was wed,
 And the Sun was priest that day,
 And they made their bridal-bed
 High in the Milky Way.

For the great white star had heard
 Her silent lover's speech ;
 It needed no passionate word
 To pledge them each to each.
 O lady fair and far,
 Hear, oh, hear, and apply !
 Thou the beautiful Star—
 The voiceless Silence, I.

TIME AND LOVE

TIME flies. The swift hours hurry by
 And speed us on to untried ways ;
 New seasons ripen, perish, die,
 And yet love stays.
 The old, old love—like sweet at first,
 At last like bitter Wine—
 I know not if it blest or curst,
 Thy life and mine.

Time flies. In vain our prayers, our tears,
 We cannot tempt him to delays ;
 Down to the past he bears the years,
 And yet love stays.
 Through changing task and varying dream
 We hear the same refrain,
 As one can hear a plaintive theme
 Run through each strain.

Time flies. He steals our pulsing youth,
 He robs us of our care-free days,
 He takes away our trust and truth,
 And yet love stays.
 O Time ! take love ! When love is vain,
 When all its best joys die—
 When only its regrets remain—
 Let love, too, fly.

CHANGE

CHANGED ? Yes, I will confess it—I have changed.

I do not love you in the old fond way.
I am your friend still—time has not estranged
One kindly feeling of that vanished day.

But the bright glamour which made life a dream,
The rapture of that time, its sweet content,
Like visions of a sleeper's brain they seem—
And yet I cannot tell you how they went.

Why do you gaze with such accusing eyes
Upon me, dear ? Is it so very strange
That hearts, like all things underneath God's skies,
Should sometimes feel the influence of change ?

The birds, the flowers, the foliage of the trees,
The stars which seem so fixed, and so sublime,
Vast continents, and the eternal seas,—
All these do change, with ever-changing time.

The face our mirror shows us year on year
Is not the same ; our dearest aim, or need,
Our lightest thought, or feeling, hope, or fear,
All, all the law of alternation heed.

How can we ask the human heart to stay,
Content with fancies of Youth's earliest hours ;
The year outgrows the violets of May,
Although, maybe, there are no fairer flowers.

And life may hold no sweeter love than this,
 Which lies so cold, so voiceless, and so dumb.
 And will I miss it, dear ? Why, yes, we miss
 The violets always—till the roses come !

DESOLATION

I THINK that the bitterest sorrow or pain
 Of love unrequited, or cold death's woe,
 Is sweet, compared to that hour when we know
 That some grand passion is on the wane.

When we see that the glory, and glow, and grace
 Which lent a splendour to night and day,
 Are surely fading, and showing the grey
 And dull groundwork of the commonplace.

When fond expressions on dull ears fall,
 When the hands clasp calmly without one thrill,
 When we cannot muster by force of will
 The old emotions that came at call.

When the dream has vanished we fain would keep,
 When the heart, like a watch, runs out of gear,
 And all the savour goes out of the year,
 Oh, then is the time—if we could—to weep !

But no tears soften this dull, pale woe ;
 We must sit and face it with dry, sad eyes.
 If we seek to hold it, the swifter joy flies—
 We can only be passive, and let it go.

ISAURA

DOST thou not tire, Isaura, of this play ?
 What play ? Why, this old play of winning
 hearts !

Nay, now, lift not thine eyes in that feigned way ;
 'Tis all in vain—I know thee, and thine arts.

Let us be frank, Isaura. I have made
 A study of thee : and while I admire
 The practised skill with which thy plans are laid,
 I can but wonder if thou dost not tire.

Why, I tire even of Hamlet and Macbeth !
 When overlong the season runs, I find
 Those master-scenes of passion, blood, and death,
 After a time, do pall upon my mind.

Dost thou not tire of lifting up thine eyes
 To read the story thou hast read so oft—
 Of ardent glances, and deep quivering sighs,
 Of haughty faces suddenly grown soft ?

Is it not stale, oh ! very stale, to thee,
 The scene that follows ? Hearts are much the same,
 The loves of men but vary in degree—
 They find no new expressions for the flame

Thou must know all they utter ere they speak,
 As I know Hamlet's part, whoever plays.
 Oh, does it not seem sometimes poor and weak ?
 I think thou must grow weary of their ways.

I pity thee, Isaura ! I would be
 The humblest maiden with her dream untold,
 Rather than live a Queen of Hearts, like thee,
 And find life's rarest treasures stale and old.

I pity thee ; for now, let come what may,
 Fame, glory, riches, yet life will lack all.
 Wherewith can salt be salted ? And what way,
 Can life be seasoned after love doth pall ?

NOT QUITE THE SAME

NOT quite the same the springtime seems to me,
 Since that sad season when in separate ways
 Our paths diverged. There are no more such days
 As dawned for us in that lost time when we
 Dwelt in the realm of dreams, illusive dreams ;
 Spring may be just as fair now, but it seems
 Not quite the same.

Not quite the same is life, since we two parted,
 Knowing it best to go our ways alone.
 Fair measures of success we both have known,
 And pleasant hours ; and yet something departed

Which gold, nor fame, nor anything we win,
Can all replace. And either life has been
Not quite the same.

Love is not quite the same, although each heart
Has formed new ties, that are both sweet and true ;
But that wild rapture, which of old we knew,
Seems to have been a something set apart
With that lost dream. There is no passion, now,
Mixed with this later love, which seems, somehow,
Not quite the same.

Not quite the same am I. My inner being
Reasons and knows that all is for the best.
Yet vague regrets stir always in my breast,
As my soul's eyes turn sadly backward, seeing
The vanished self, that evermore must be,
This side of what we call eternity,
Not quite the same.

FROM THE GRAVE

WHEN the first sere leaves of the year were fall-
ing,
I heard, with a heart that was strangely thrilled,
Out of the grave of a dead Past calling,
A voice I fancied for ever stilled.

FROM THE GRAVE

All through winter, and spring, and summer
 Silence hung over the grave like a pall ;
But, borne on the breath of the last sad comer,
 I listen again to the old-time call.

It is only a love of a bygone season,
 A senseless folly that mocked at me,
A reckless passion that lacked all reason ;
 So I killed it, and hid it where none could see.
I smothered it first to stop its crying,
 Then stabbed it through with a good sharp blade ;
And cold and pallid I saw it lying,
 And deep—ah ! deep was the grave I made.

But now I know that there is no killing
 A thing like Love, for it laughs at Death ;
There is no hushing, there is no stilling
 That which is part of your life and breath.
You may bury it deep, and leave behind you
 The land, the people that knew your slain ;
It will push the sods from its grave, and find you
 On wastes of water or desert plain.

You may hear but tongues of a foreign people
 You may list to sounds that are strange and new
But, clear as a silver bell in a steeple,
 That voice from the grave shall call to you.

You may rouse your pride, you may use your reason
And seem for a space to slay Love so ;
But, all in its own good time and season,
It will rise and follow wherever you go.
You shall sit sometimes, when the leaves are falling,
Alone with your heart, as I sit to-day,
And hear that voice from your dead Past calling
Out of the graves that you hid away.

A WALTZ-QUADRILLE

THE band was playing a waltz-quadrille,
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,
As we floated away, at the caller's will,
Through the intricate, mazy dance together.
Like mimic armies our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing, and then retreating,
All decked in their bright array ;
And back and forth to the music's rhyme
We moved together, and all the time
I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
From heart to brain as we gently glided
Like leaves on the wave of that waltz-quadrille ;
Parted, met, and again divided—

A WALTZ-QUADRILLE

You drifting one way, and I another,
 Then suddenly turning and facing each other,
 Then off in the blithe *chassé*.
 Then airily back to our places swaying,
 While every beat of the music seemed saying
 That you were going away.

I said to my heart, 'Let us take our fill
 Of mirth, and music, and love, and laughter ;
 For it all must end with this waltz-quadrille,
 And life will be never the same life after.
 Oh that the caller might go on calling !
 Oh that the music might go on falling
 Like a shower of silver spray,
 While we whirled on to the vast Forever,
 Where no hearts break, and no ties sever,
 And no one goes away !'

A clamour, a crash, and the band was still,
 'Twas the end of the dream, and the end of the
 measure :

The last low notes of that waltz-quadrille
 Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of Pleasure.
 You said good-night, and the spell was over—
 Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover—
 There was nothing else to say ;
 But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary,
 And the music was sad and the hall was dreary,
 After you went away.

BEPP0

WHY art thou sad, my Beppo? But last eve,
 Here at my feet, thy dear head on my breast,
 I heard thee say thy heart would no more grieve
 Or feel the olden *ennui*, and unrest.

What troubles thee? Am I not all thine own—

I, so long sought, so sighed for and so dear?
 And do I not live but for thee alone?

‘Thou hast seen Lippo, whom I loved last year!’

Well, what of that? Last year is nought to me—

’Tis swallowed in the ocean of the past,
 Art thou not glad ’twas Lippo, and not thee,
 Whose brief bright day in that great gulf was cast?

Thy day is all before thee. Let no cloud,
 Here in the very morn of our delight,
 Drift up from distant foreign skies, to shroud
 Our sun of love whose radiance is so bright.

‘Thou art not first?’ Nay, and he who would be
 Defeats his own heart’s dearest purpose then.

To truer truth was ever told to thee—

Who has loved most, he best can love again.

If Lippo (and not he alone) has taught

The arts that please thee, wherefore art thou sad?
 Since all my vast love-lore to thee is brought,
 Look up and smile, my Beppo, and be glad.

TIRED

I AM tired to-night, and something,
The wind maybe, or the rain,
Or the cry of a bird in the copse outside,
Has brought back the past and its pain.
And I feel, as I sit here thinking,
That the hand of a dead old June
Has reached out hold of my heart's loose strings,
And is drawing them up in tune.

I am tired to-night, and I miss you,
And long for you, love, through tears ;
And it seems but to-day that I saw you go—
You, who have gone for years.
And I seem to be newly lonely—
I, who am so much alone :
And the strings of my heart are well in tune,
But they have not the same old tone.

I am tired ; and that old sorrow
Sweeps down the bed of my soul,
As a turbulent river might suddenly break
Away from a dam's control.
It beareth a wreck on its bosom,
A wreck with a snow-white sail,
And the hand on my heart-strings thrums away
But they only respond with a wail.

THE SPEECH OF SILENCE

THE solemn Sea of Silence lies between us ;
I know thou livest, and thou lovest me :
And yet I wish some white ship would come sailing
Across the ocean, bearing word from thee.

The dead-calm awes me with its awful stillness.
No anxious doubts or fears disturb my breast ;
I only ask some little wave of language
To stir this vast infinitude of rest.

I am oppressed with this great sense of loving ;
So much I give, so much receive from thee,
Like subtle incense, rising from a censer,
So floats the fragrance of thy love round me.

All speech is poor, and written words unmeaning ;
Yet such I ask, blown hither by some wind,
To give relief to this too perfect knowledge,
The Silence so impresses on my mind.

How poor the love that needeth word or message,
To banish doubt or nourish tenderness !
I ask them but to temper love's convictions
The Silence all too fully doth express.

Too deep the language which the spirit utters ;
Too vast the knowledge which my soul hath stirred ;
Send some white ship across the Sea of Silence,
And interrupt its utterance with a word.

CONVERSION

I HAVE lived this life as the sceptic lives it,
 I have said the sweetness was less than the gall ;
 Praising, nor cursing, the Hand that gives it,
 I have drifted aimlessly through it all.
 I have scoffed at the tale of a so-called heaven,
 I have laughed at the thought of a Supreme Friend ;
 I have said that it only to man was given
 To live, to endure ; and to die was the end.

But now I know that a good God reigneth,
 Generous-hearted, and kind and true ;
 Since unto a worm like me He deigneth
 To send so royal a gift as you.
 Bright as a star you gleam on my bosom,
 Sweet as a rose that the wild bee sips ;
 And I know, my own, my beautiful blossom,
 That none but a God could mould such lips.

And I believe, in the fullest measure
 That ever a strong man's heart could hold.
 In all the tales of heavenly pleasure
 By poets sung, or by prophets told ;
 For in the joy of your shy, sweet kisses,
 Your pulsing touch and your languid sigh,
 I am filled and thrilled with better blisses
 Than ever were claimed for souls on high.

And now I have faith in all the stories
Told of the beauties of unseen lands ;
Of royal splendours and marvellous glories
Of the golden city not made with hands ;
For the silken beauty of falling tresses,
Of lips all dewy and cheeks aglow,
With—what the mind in a half trance guesses,
Of the twin perfection of drifts of snow.

Of limbs like marble, of thigh and shoulder,
Carved like a statue in high relief—
These, as the eyes and the thoughts grow bolder,
Leave no room for an unbelief.
So my lady, my queen most royal,
My scepticism has passed away ;
If you are true to me, true and loyal,
I will believe till the Judgment day.

LOVE'S COMING

SHE had looked for his coming as warriors come,
With the clash of arms and the bugle's call ;
But he came instead with a stealthy tread,
Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armour would blaze in the sun,
As he rode like a prince to claim his bride :
In the sweet dim light of the falling night
She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange, bold eye
 Would wake her heart to a sudden glow :
 She found in his face the familiar grace
 Of a friend she used to know.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,
 As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife :
 He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm,
 And a peace which crowned her life.

OLD AND NEW

LONG have the poets vaunted, in their lays,
 Old times, old loves, old friendship, and old
 wine.

Why should the old monopolise all praise ?
 Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends, when the old prove weak,
 Or fail me in my darkest hour of need ;
 Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,
 Or lean upon a reed ?

Give me new love, warm, palpitating, sweet,
 When all the grace and beauty leaves the old ;
 When like a rose it withers at my feet,
 Or like a hearth grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with a prosperous cheer,
In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days ;
I hold a sunlit present far more dear,
And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are threadbare, and worn through,
And all too narrow for the broadening soul,
Give me the fine, firm texture of the new,
Fair, beautiful, and whole !

PERFECTNESS

ALL perfect things are saddening in effect,
The autumn wood robed in its scarlet clothes,
The matchless tinting on the royal rose
Whose velvet leaf by no least flaw is flecked ;
Love's supreme moment, when the soul unchecked
Soars high as heaven, and its best rapture knows,
These hold a deeper pathos than our woes,
Since they leave nothing better to expect.

Resistless change, when powerless to improve,
Can only mar. The gold will pale to grey—
No thing remains to-morrow as to-day,—
The rose will not seem quite so fair, and love
Must find its measures of delight made less.
Ah, how imperfect is all Perfectness !

BLEAK WEATHER

DEAR Love, where the red lilies blossomed and
grew

The white snows are falling ;
And all through the woods where I wandered with you
The loud winds are calling ;
And the robin that piped to us tune upon tune,
'Neath the oak, you remember,
O'er hilltop and forest has followed the June
And left us December.

He has left like a friend who is true in the sun
And false in the shadows ;
He has found new delights in the land where he's gone,
Greener woodlands and meadows.
Let him go ! what care we ? let the snow shroud the
lea,
Let it drift on the heather ;
We can sing through it all : I have you, you have me,
And we'll laugh at the weather.

The old year may die and a new year be born
That is bleaker and colder :
It cannot dismay us ; we dare it, we scorn,
For our love makes us bolder.

Ah, Robin ! sing loud on your far-distant lea,
 You friend in fair weather !
 But here is a song sung that's fuller of glee
 By two warm hearts together.

ATTRACTION

THE meadow and the mountain with desire
 Gazed on each other, till a fierce unrest
 Surged 'neath the meadow's seemingly calm breast
 And all the mountain's fissures ran with fire.

A mighty river rolled between them there.
 What could the mountain do but gaze and burn ?
 What could the meadow do but look and yearn,
 And gem its bosom to conceal despair ?

Their seething passion agitated space,
 Till lo ! the lands a sudden earthquake shook,
 The river fled : the meadow leaped, and took
 The leaning mountain in a close embrace.

GRACIA

NAY, nay, Antonio ! nay, thou shalt not blame her,
 My Gracia, who hath so deserted me.
 Thou art my friend ; but if thou dost defame her
 I shall not hesitate to challenge thee.

‘Curse and forget her?’ so I might another
One not so bounteous natured or so fair ;
But she, Antonio, she was like no other—
I curse her not, because she was so rare.

She was made out of laughter and sweet kisses ;
Not blood, but sunshine, through her blue veins ran ;
Her soul spilled over with its wealth of blisses,—
She was too great for loving but a man.

None but a god could keep so rare a creature—
I blame her not for her inconstancy ;
When I recall each radiant smile, and feature,
I wonder she so long was true to me.

Call her not false or fickle. I, who love her,
Do hold her not unlike the royal sun,
That, all unmated, roams the wide world over
And lights all worlds, but lingers not with one.

If she were less a goddess, more a woman,
And so had dallied for a time with me,
And then had left me, I, who am but human,
Would slay her, and her newer love, maybe.

But since she seeks Apollo, or another
Of those lost gods (and seeks him all in vain),
And has loved me as well as any other
Of her men-lovers, why I do not complain.

AD FINEM

IN the white throat of the useless passion
 That scorched my soul with its burning breath,
 I clutched my fingers in murderous fashion,
 And gathered them close in a grip of death ;
 For why should I fan, or feed with fuel,
 A love that showed me but blank despair ?
 So my hold was firm, and my grasp was cruel—
 I meant to strangle it then and there !

I thought it was dead. But with no warning,
 It rose from its grave last night, and came
 And stood by my bed till the early morning,
 And over and over it spoke your name.
 Its throat was red where my hands had held it,
 It burned my brow with its scorching breath ;
 And I said, the moment my eyes beheld it,
 ‘A love like this can know no death.’

For just one kiss that your lips have given
 In the lost and beautiful past to me,
 I would gladly barter my hopes of Heaven
 And all the bliss of Eternity.
 For never a joy are the angels keeping
 To lay at my feet in Paradise,
 Like that of into your strong arms creeping,
 And looking into your love-lit eyes.

I know, in the way that sins are reckoned,
 This thought is a sin of the deepest dye ;
 But I know, too, if an angel beckoned,
 Standing close by the Throne on High,
 And you, adown by the gates infernal,
 Should open your loving arms and smile,
 I would turn my back on things supernal,
 To lie on your breast a little while.

To know for an hour you were mine completely—
 Mine in body and soul, my own—
 I would bear unending tortures sweetly,
 With not a murmur and not a moan.
 A lighter sin or a lesser error
 Might change through hope or fear divine—
 But there is no fear, and hell has no terror
 To change or alter a love like mine.

NEW AND OLD

I AND new love, in all its living bloom,
 Sat *vis-à-vis*, while tender twilight hours
 Went softly by us, treading as on flowers.
 Then suddenly I saw within the room
 The old love, long since lying in its tomb.
 It dropped the cerecloth from its fleshless face
 And smiled on me, with a remembered grace
 That, like the noontide, lit the gloaming's gloom.

Upon its shroud there hung the grave's green mould,
About it hung the odour of the dead ;
Yet from its cavernous eyes such light was shed
That all my life seemed gilded, as with gold ;
Unto the trembling new love—' Go,' I said,
' I do not need thee, for I have the old.'

THE TRIO

WE love but once. The great gold orb of light
From dawn to eventide doth cast his ray ;
But the full splendour of his perfect might
Is reached but once throughout the livelong day.

We love but once. The waves, with ceaseless motion,
Do day and night splash on the pebbled shore ;
But the strong tide of the resistless ocean
Sweeps in but one hour of the twenty-four.

We love but once. A score of times, perchance,
We may be moved in fancy's fleeting fashion—
May treasure up a word, a tone, a glance,
But only once we feel the soul's great passion.

We love but once. Love walks with death and birth
(The saddest, the unkindest of the three) ;
And only once while we sojourn on earth
Can that strange trio come to you or me.

AN ANSWER

IF all the year was summer-time,
 And all the aim of life
 Was just to lilt on like a rhyme—
 Then I would be your wife.

If all the days were August days,
 And crowned with golden weather,
 How happy then through green-clad ways
 We two could stray together !

If all the nights were moonlit nights,
 And we had nought to do
 But just to sit and plan delights,
 Then I would wed with you.

If life was all a summer fête,
 Its soberest pace the 'glide,'
 Then I would choose you for my mate,
 And keep you at my side.

But winter makes full half the year,
 And labour half of life,
 And all the laughter and good cheer
 Give place to wearing strife.

Days will grow cold, and moons wax old,
 And then a heart that's true
 Is better far than grace or gold—
 And so, my love, adieu !
 I cannot wed with you

YOU WILL FORGET ME

YOU will forget me. The years are so tender,
They bind up the wounds which we think are
so deep ;

This dream of our youth will fade out as the splendour
Fades from the skies when the sun sinks to sleep ;
The cloud of forgetfulness, over and over
Will banish the last rosy colours away,
And the fingers of Time will weave garlands to cover
The scar which you think is a life-mark to-day.

You will forget me. The one boon you covet
Now above all things will soon seem no prize,
And the heart, which you hold not in keeping to prove it
True or untrue, will lose worth in your eyes.
The one drop to-day, that you deem only wanting
To fill your life-cup to the brim, soon will seem
But a valueless mite ; and the ghost that is haunting
The aisles of your heart will pass out with the dream.

You will forget me ; will thank me for saying
The words which you think are so pointed with pain.
Time loves a new lay ; and the dirge he is playing
Will change for you soon to a livelier strain.
I shall pass from your life—I shall pass out for ever,
And these hours we have spent will be sunk in the past.
Youth buries its dead ; grief kills seldom or never—
And forgetfulness covers all sorrows at last.

THE FAREWELL OF CLARIMONDE

(SUGGESTED BY THE 'CLARIMONDE' OF THÉOPHILE
GAUTIER)

A DIEU, Romauld ! But thou canst not forget me,
Although no more I haunt thy dreams at night,
Thy hungering heart for ever must regret me,
And starve for those lost moments of delight.

Nought shall avail thy priestly rights and duties—
Nor fears of hell, nor hopes of heaven beyond :
Before the Cross shall rise my fair form's beauties—
The lips, the limbs, the eyes of Clarimonde.

Like gall the wine sipped from the sacred chalice
Shall taste to one who knew my red mouth's bliss :
When Youth and Beauty dwelt in Love's own palace,
And life flowed on in one eternal kiss.

Through what strange ways I come, dear heart, to reach
thee,
From viewless lands, by paths no man e'er trod !
I braved all fears, all dangers dared, to teach thee
A love more mighty than thy love of God.

Think not in all His Kingdom to discover
Such joys, Romauld, as ours, when fierce yet fond
I clasped thee—kissed thee—crowned thee my one lover :
Thou canst not find another Clarimonde.

I knew all arts of love : he who possessed me
Possessed all women, and could never tire :
A new life dawned for him who once caressed me :
Satiety itself I set on fire.

Inconstancy I chained : men died to win me ;
Kings cast by crowns for one hour on my breast,
And all the passionate tide of love within me
I gave to thee, Romauld. Wert thou not blest ?

Yet, for the love of God, thy hand hath riven
Our welded souls. But not in prayer well conned,
Not in thy dearly purchased peace of heaven,
Canst thou forget those hours with Clarimonde.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE LOST GARDEN

THERE was a fair green garden sloping
From the south-east side of the mountain-ledge ;
And the earliest tint of the dawn came groping
Down through its paths, from the day's dim edge.
The bluest skies and the reddest roses
Arched and varied its velvet sod ;
And the glad birds sang, as the soul supposes
The angels sing on the hills of God.

I wandered there when my veins seemed bursting
With life's rare rapture, and keen delight ;
And yet in my heart was a constant thirsting
For something over the mountain-height.
I wanted to stand in the blaze of glory
That turned to crimson the peaks of snow,
And the winds from the west all breathed a story
Of realms and regions I longed to know.

I saw on the garden's south side growing
The brightest blossoms that breathe of June,
I saw in the east how the sun was glowing,
And the gold air shook with a wild bird's tune ;

I heard the drip of a silver fountain,
And the pulse of a young laugh throbbed with glee ;
But still I looked out over the mountain
Where unnamed wonders awaited me.

I came at last to the western gateway
That led to the path I longed to climb ;
But a shadow fell on my spirit straightway,
For close at my side stood greybeard Time,
I paused, with feet that were fain to linger
Hard by that garden's golden gate ;
But Time spoke, pointing with one stern finger ;
'Pass on,' he said, 'for the day grows late.'

And now on the chill grey cliffs I wander ;
The heights recede which I thought to find,
And the light seems dim on the mountain yonder,
When I think of the garden I left behind.
Should I stand at last on its summit's splendour,
I know full well it would not repay
For the fair lost tints of the dawn so tender
That crept up over the edge o' day.

I would go back, but the ways are winding,
If ways there are to that land, in sooth ;
For what man succeeds in ever finding
A path to the garden of his lost youth ?

But I think sometimes, when the June stars glisten,
 That a rose-scent drifts from far away ;
 And I know, when I lean from the cliffs and listen,
 That a young laugh breaks on the air like spray.

ART AND HEART

THOUGH critics may bow to art, and I am its
 own true lover,

It is not art, but heart, which wins the wide world over.

Though smooth be the heartless prayer, no ear in heaven
 will mind it,

And the finest phrase falls dead, if there is no feeling
 behind it.

Though perfect the player's touch, little if any he
 sways us,

Unless we feel his heart throb through the music he
 plays us.

Though the poet may spend his life in skilfully round-
 ing a measure,

Unless he writes from a full warm heart, he gives us
 little pleasure.

So it is not the speech which tells, but the impulse
 which goes with the saying,

And it is not the words of the prayer, but the yearning
 back of the praying.

It is not the artist's skill, which into our soul comes
stealing,
With a joy that is almost pain, but it is the player's
feeling.

And it is not the poet's song, though sweeter than sweet
bells chiming,
Which thrills us through and through, but the heart
which beats under the rhyming.

And therefore I say again, though I am art's own true
lover,
That it is not art, but heart, which wins the wide world
over.

AS BY FIRE

SOMETIMES I feel so passionate a yearning
For spiritual perfection here below,
This vigorous frame, with healthful fervour burning,
Seems my determined foe.

So actively it makes a stern resistance,
So cruelly sometimes it wages war
Against a wholly spiritual existence
Which I am striving for.

It interrupts my soul's intense devotions,
Some hope it strangles of divinest birth,
With a swift rush of violent emotions
Which link me to the earth.

AS BY FIRE

It is as if two mortal foes contended
 Within my bosom in a deadly strife,
 One for the loftier aims for souls intended,
 One for the earthly life.

And yet I know this very war within me,
 Which brings out all my will-power and control ;
 This very conflict at the last shall win me
 The loved and longed-for goal.

The very fire which seems sometimes so cruel
 Is the white light, that shows me my own strength :
 A furnace fed by the divinest fuel
 It may become at length.

Ah ! when in the immortal ranks enlisted,
 I sometimes wonder if we shall not find
 That not by deeds, but by what we've resisted,
 Our places are assigned.

IF I SHOULD DIE

RONDEAU

IF I should die, how kind you all would grow !
 In that strange hour I would not have one foe.
 There are no words too beautiful to say
 Of one who goes for evermore away
 Across that ebbing tide which has no flow.

With what new lustre my good deeds would glow !
If faults were mine, no one would call them so,
Or speak of me in aught but praise that day,
If I should die.

Ah friends ! before my listening ear lies low,
While I can hear and understand, bestow
That gentle treatment and fond love, I pray,
The lustre of whose late though radiant way
Would gild my grave with mocking light, I know,
If I should die.

MISALLIANCE

I AM troubled to-night with a curious pain ;
It is not of the flesh, it is not of the brain,
Nor yet of an heart that is breaking :
But down still deeper, and out of sight—
In the place where the soul and body unite—
There lies the seat of the aching.

They have been lovers, in days gone by ;
But the soul is fickle, and longs to fly
From the fettering misalliance :
And she tears at the bonds which are binding her so,
And pleads with the body to let her go,
But he will not yield compliance.

For the body loves, as he loved in the past
 When he wedded her soul ; and he holds her fast,
 And swears that he will not loose her ;
 That he will keep her and hide her away
 For ever and ever and for a day
 From the arms of Death, the seducer.

Ah ! this is the strife that is wearying me—
 The strife 'twixt a soul that would be free
 And a body that will not let her.
 And I say to my soul, ' Be calm, and wait ;
 For I tell ye truly that soon or late
 Ye surely shall drop each fetter.'

And I say to the body, ' Be kind, I pray ;
 For the soul is not of thy mortal clay,
 But is formed in spirit fashion.'
 And still through the hours of the solemn night
 I can hear my sad soul's plea for flight,
 And my body's reply of passion.

RESPONSE

I SAID this morning, as I leaned and threw
 My shutters open to the Spring's surprise,
 ' Tell me, O Earth, how is it that in you
 Year after year the same fresh feelings rise ?
 How do you keep your young exultant glee ?
 No more those sweet emotions come to me

' I note through all your fissures, how the tide
Of healthful life goes leaping as of old.
Your royal dawns retain their pomp and pride ;
Your sunsets lose no atom of their gold.
How can this wonder be ? My soul's fine ear
Leaned, listening, till a small voice answered near—

' My days lapse never over into night ;
My nights encroach not on the rights of dawn.
I rush not breathless after some delight ;
I waste no grief for any pleasure gone.
My July noons burn not the entire year.
Heart, hearken well ! Yes, yes ; go on ; I hear.

' I do not strive to make my sunsets' gold
Pave all the dim and distant realms of space.
I do not bid my crimson dawns unfold
To lend the midnight a fictitious grace.
I break no law, for all God's laws are good.
Heart, hast thou heard ? Yes, yes, and understood.

DROUGHT

WHY do we pity those who weep ? The pain
That finds a ready outlet in the flow
Of salt and bitter tears is blessed woe,
And does not need our sympathies. The rain

But fits the shorn field for new yield of grain ;
 While the red brazen skies, the sun's fierce glow,
 The dry, hot winds that from the tropics blow,
 Do parch and wither the unsheltered plain.
 The anguish that through long, remorseless years
 Looks out upon the world with no relief,
 Of sudden tempests or slow dripping tears,—
 The still, unuttered, silent, wordless grief
 That evermore doth ache, and ache, and ache,—
 This is the sorrow wherewith hearts do break.

THE CREED

WHOOEVER was begotten by pure love,
 And came desired and welcomed into life,
 Is of immaculate conception. He
 Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
 Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,
 And cannot find room in his heart for hate,

May be another Christ: We all may be
 The Saviours of the world, if we believe
 In the Divinity which dwells in us
 And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
 Our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims,
 Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,

Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

PROGRESS

LET there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition ; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself
And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendour from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with the golden waves of Love ?
Sweep up the débris of decaying faiths ;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And thrown your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars
And to the voice of Nature, and your heart

Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
 Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
 Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned
 heights,

And all the forces of the firmament
 Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
 To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

MY FRIEND

WHEN first I looked upon the face of Pain
 I shrank repelled, as one shrinks from a foe
 Who stands with dagger poised, as for a blow.
 I was in search of Pleasure and of Gain ;
 I turned aside to let him pass : in vain ;
 He looked straight into my eyes and would not go.
 ' Shake hands,' he said, ' our paths are one, and so
 We must be comrades on the way, 'tis plain.'

I felt the firm grasp of his hand on mine ;
 Through all my veins it sent a strengthening glow.
 I straightway linked my arm in his, and lo !
 He led me forth to joys almost divine ;
 With God's great truths enriched me in the end,
 And now I hold him as my dearest friend.

RED CARNATIONS

ONE time in Arcadie's fair bowers
There met a bright immortal band,
To choose their emblems from the flowers
That made an Eden of that land.

Sweet Constancy, with eyes of hope,
Strayed down the garden path alone,
And gathered sprays of heliotrope,
To place in clusters at her zone.

True Friendship plucked the ivy green,
For ever fresh, for ever fair.
Inconstancy with flippant mien
The fading primrose chose to wear.

One moment Love the rose paused by
But Beauty picked it for her hair.
Love paced the garden with a sigh,—
He found no fitting emblem there.

Then suddenly he saw a flame,
A conflagration turned to bloom ;
It even put the rose to shame,
Both in its beauty and perfume.

He watched it, and it did not fade :
He plucked it, and it brighter grew.
In cold or heat, all undismayed,
It kept its fragrance and its hue.

‘Here deathless love and passion sleep,
 He cried, ‘embodied in this flower.
 This is the emblem I will keep.’
 Love wore carnations from that hour.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

LIFE is too short for any vain regretting ;
 Let dead delight bury its dead, I say,
 And let us go upon our way forgetting
 The joys, and sorrows, of each yesterday.
 Between the swift sun’s rising and its setting,
 We have no time for useless tears or fretting,
 Life is too short.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling ;
 Time is the best avenger if we wait.
 The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing,
 We have no room for anything like hate.
 This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing
 That thick and fast about our feet are stealing,
 Life is too short.

Life is too short for aught but high endeavour,—
 Too short for spite, but long enough for love.
 And love lives on for ever and for ever,
 It links the worlds that circle on above :
 ’Tis God’s first law, the universe’s lever.
 In His vast realm the radiant souls sigh never
 ‘Life is too short.’

A SCULPTOR

AS the ambitious sculptor, tireless, lifts
 Chisel and hammer to the block at hand,
 Before my half-formed character I stand
 And ply the shining tools of mental gifts.
 I'll cut away a huge unsightly side
 Of selfishness, and smooth to curves of grace
 The angles of ill-temper.

And no trace
 Shall my sure hammer leave of silly pride.
 Chip after chip must fall from vain desires,
 And the sharp corners of my discontent
 Be rounded into symmetry, and lent
 Great harmony by faith that never tires.
 Unfinished still, I must toil on and on,
 Till the pale critic, Death, shall say, 'Tis done.'

CREATION

THE impulse of all love is to create.
 God was so full of love, in His embrace
 He clasped the empty nothingness of space,
 And lo ! the solar system ! High in state

The mighty sun sat, so supreme and great
 With this same essence, one smile of its face
 Brought myriad forms of life forth ; race on race
 From insects up to men.

Through love, not hate,
 All that is grand in nature or in art
 Sprang into being. He who would build sublime
 And lasting works, to stand the test of time,
 Must inspiration draw from his full heart.
 And he who loveth widely, well and much,
 The secret holds of the true master touch.

BEYOND

IT seemeth such a little way to me
 Across to that strange country—the Beyond ;
 And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond,
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,
 As journeying friends bring distant regions near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
 I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
 I know I feel those who have gone from here
 Come near enough sometimes, to touch my hand.
 I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
 We should find heaven right round about us lies

I cannot make it seem a day to dread,
 When from this dear earth I shall journey out
 To that still dearer country of the dead,
 And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
 I love this world, yet shall I love to go
 And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand above a bier and see
 The seal of death set on some well-loved face
 But that I think, 'One more to welcome me,
 When I shall cross the intervening space
 Between this land and that one "over there";
 One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair.'

And so for me there is no sting to death,
 And so the grave has lost its victory.
 It is but crossing—with a bated breath,
 And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
 More beautiful, more precious than before.

THE SADDEST HOUR

THE saddest hour of anguish and of loss
 Is not that season of supreme despair
 When we can find no least light anywhere
 To gild the dread, black shadow of the Cross.

Not in that luxury of sorrow when
 We sup on salt of tears, and drink the gall
 Of memories of days beyond recall—
 Of lost delights that cannot come again.

But when, with eyes that are no longer wet,
 We look out on the great, wide world of men
 And, smiling, lean toward a bright to-morrow,
 Then backward shrink, with sudden keen regret,
 To find that we are learning to forget :
 Ah ! then we face the saddest hour of sorrow.

SHOW ME THE WAY

SHOW me the way that leads to the true life.
 I do not care what tempests may assail me,
 I shall be given courage for the strife,
 I know my strength will not desert or fail me ;
 I know that I shall conquer in the fray ;
 Show me the way.

Show me the way up to a higher plane,
 Where body shall be servant to the soul.
 I do not care what tides of woe, or pain,
 Across my life their angry waves may roll,
 If I but reach the end I seek some day :
 Show me the way.

Show me the way, and let me bravely climb
 Above vain grievings for unworthy treasures ;
 Above all sorrow that finds balm in time—
 Above small triumphs, or belittling pleasures ;
 Up to those heights where these things seem child's
 play :

Show me the way.

Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace
 Which springs from an inward consciousness of right,
 To where all conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
 And self shall radiate with the spirit's light.
 Though hard the journey and the strife, I pray
 Show me the way.

MY HERITAGE

I INTO life so full of love was sent,
 That all the shadows which fall on the way
 Of every human being could not stay,
 But fled before the light my spirit lent.

I saw the world through gold and crimson dyes :
 Men sighed, and said, 'Those rosy hues will fade
 As you pass on into the glare and shade !'
 Still beautiful the way seems to mine eyes.

They said, 'You are too jubilant and glad ;
 The world is full of sorrow and of wrong.
 Full soon your lips shall breathe forth sighs—not
 song !'

The day wears on, and yet I am not sad.

They said, 'You love too largely, and you must
 Through wound on wound, grow bitter to your
 kind.'

They were false prophets : day by day I find
 More cause for love, and less cause for distrust.

They said, 'Too free you give your soul's rare wine ;
 The world will quaff, but it will not repay.'
 Yet into the emptied flagons, day by day,
 True hearts pour back a nectar as divine.

Thy heritage ! Is it not love's estate ?
 Look to it, then, and keep its soil well tilled.
 I hold that my best wishes are fulfilled
 Because I love so much, and cannot hate.

RESOLVE

BUILD on resolve, and not upon regret,
 The structure of thy future. Do not grope
 Among the shadows of old sins, but let
 Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
 And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
 Upon the blotted record of lost years,

But turn the leaf, and smile, oh ! smile, to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee.

Prate not of thy repentance. But believe
The spark divine dwells in thee : let it grow.
That which the upreaching spirit can achieve,
The grand and all creative forces know ;
They will assist and strengthen as the light
Lifts up the acorn to the oak-tree's height.
Thou hast but to resolve, and lo ! God's whole
Great universe shall fortify thy soul.

AT ELEUSIS

I AT Eleusis saw the finest sight,
When early morning's banners were unfurled,
From high Olympus gazing on the world,
The ancient gods once saw it with delight.
Sad Demeter had in a single night
Removed her sombre garments ! and mine eyes
Beheld a 'broidered mantle in pale dyes
Thrown o'er her throbbing bosom. Sweet and clear,
There fell the sound of music on mine ear.
And from the South came Hermes, he whose lyre
One time appeased the great Apollo's ire.
The rescued maid, Persephone, by the hand,
He led to waiting Demeter, and cheer
And light and beauty once more blessed the land.

COURAGE

THERE is a courage, a majestic thing
 That springs forth from the brow of pain,
 full grown,
 Minerva-like, and dares all dangers known,
 And all the threatening future yet may bring ;
 Crowned with the helmet of great suffering,
 Serene with that grand strength by martyrs shown
 When at the stake they die and make no moan,
 And even as the flames leap up are heard to sing.
 A courage so sublime and unafraid,
 It wears its sorrows like a coat of mail ;
 And Fate, the archer, passes by dismayed,
 Knowing his best barbed arrows needs must fail
 To pierce a soul so armoured and arrayed
 That Death himself might look on it and quail.

SOLITUDE

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you ;
 Weep, and you weep alone ;
 For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
 But has trouble enough of its own.
 Sing, and the hills will answer ;
 Sigh, it is lost on the air ;
 The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
 But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you ;
Grieve, and they turn and go ;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many ;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded ;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

THE YEAR OUTGROWS THE SPRING

THE year outgrows the spring it thought so sweet
And clasps the summer with a new delight,
Yet wearied, leaves her languors and her heat
When cool-browed autumn dawns upon his sight.

The tree outgrows the bud's suggestive grace
And feels new pride in blossoms fully blown.
But even this to deeper joy gives place
When bending boughs 'neath blushing burdens groan.

94 THE YEAR OUTGROWS THE SPRING

Life's rarest moments are derived from change,
The heart outgrows old happiness, old grief,
And suns itself in feelings new and strange.
The most enduring pleasure is but brief.

Our tastes, our needs, are never twice the same.
Nothing contents us long, however dear.
The spirit in us, like the grosser frame,
Outgrows the garments which it wore last year.

Change is the watchword of Progression. When
We tire of well-worn ways, we seek for new.
This restless craving in the souls of men
Spurs them to climb, and seek the mountain view.

So let who will erect an altar shrine
To meek-browed Constancy, and sing her praise ;
Unto enlivening Change I shall build mine,
Who lends new zest, and interest to my days.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD

COME, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,
 Your hands like the leaves of a rose,
 And we will go sailing to those fair lands
 That never an atlas shows.
 On the North and the West they are bounded by rest
 On the South and the East by dreams ;
 'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,
 But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,
 Those eyes like a bright blue-bell,
 And we will sail out under starlit skies
 To the land where the fairies dwell.
 Down the river of sleep our barque shall sweep,
 Till it reaches that mystical isle
 Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
 And there we will pause awhile.
 I will croon you a song as we float along,
 To that shore that is blessed of God,
 Then ho ! for that fair land, we're off for that rare land
 That beautiful Land of Nod.

THE TIGER

IN the still jungle of the senses lay
 A tiger soundly sleeping, till one day
 A bold young hunter chanced to come that way.

'How calm,' he said, 'that splendid creature lies!
I long to rouse him into swift surprise.'

A well-aimed arrow, shot from amorous eyes,

And lo! the tiger rouses up and turns,
A coal of fire his glowing eyeball burns,
His mighty frame with savage hunger yearns.

He crouches for a spring: his eyes dilate—
Alas! bold hunter, what shall be thy fate?
Thou canst not fly, it is too late, too late.

Once having tasted human flesh, ah! then,
Woe, woe unto the whole rash world of men,
The wakened tiger will not sleep again.

ONLY A SIMPLE RHYME

ONLY a simple rhyme of love and sorrow,
Where 'blisses' rhymed with 'kisses,' 'heart'
with 'dart.'

Yet reading it, new strength I seemed to borrow,
To live on bravely, and to do my part.

A little rhyme about a heart that's bleeding—
Of lonely hours, and sorrow's unrelief.
I smiled at first; but there came with the reading,
A sense of sweet companionship in grief.

The selfishness of my own woe forsaking,
I thought about the singer of that song.
Some other breast felt this same weary aching,
Another found the summer days too long.

The few sad lines, my sorrow so expressing,
I read, and on the singer, all unknown,
I breathed a fervent, though a silent, blessing,
And seemed to clasp his hand within my own.

And though fame pass him, and he never know it,
And though he never sings another strain,
He has performed the mission of the poet,
In helping some sad heart to bear its pain.

I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT

I MAY not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me ;
Or, half-way up the mountain peak
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labour ;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbour.

But though my goal I never see,
 This thought shall always dwell with me—
 I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of Love's light
 May never fall on my way ;
 My path may always lead through night,
 Like some deserted by-way.
 But though life's dearest joy I miss,
 There lies a nameless strength in this—
 I will be worthy of it.

SONNET

METHINKS ofttimes my heart is like some bee
 That goes forth through the summer day and
 sings,
 And gathers honey from all growing things
 In garden plot, or on the clover lea.
 When the long afternoon grows late, and she
 Would seek her hive, she cannot lift her wings,
 So heavily the too sweet burden clings,
 From which she would not, and yet would, fly free
 So with my full fond heart ; for when it tries
 To lift itself to peace-crowned heights, above
 The common way where countless feet have trod,
 Lo ! then, this burden of dear human ties,
 This growing weight of precious earthly love,
 Bind down the spirit that would soar to God.

LET ME LEAN HARD

LET me lean hard upon the Eternal Breast ;
In all earth's devious ways, I sought for rest
And found it not. I will be strong, said I,
And lean upon myself. I will not cry
And importune all heaven with my complaint,
But now my strength fails, and I fall, I faint :
Let me lean hard.

Let me lean hard upon the unfailing Arm.
I said I will walk on, I fear no harm,
The spark divine within my soul will show
The upward pathway where my feet should go,
But now the heights to which I most aspire
Are lost in clouds. I stumble and I tire :
Let me lean hard.

Let me lean harder yet. That swerveless force
Which speeds the solar systems on their course
Can take, unfelt, the burden of my woe,
Which bears me to the dust and hurts me so ;
I thought my strength enough for any fate,
But lo ! I sink beneath my sorrow's weight :
Let me lean hard.

PENALTY

PENALTY

BECAUSE of the fulness of what I had
 All that I have seems void and vain.
 If I had not been happy, I were not sad ;
 Though my salt is savourless, why complain ?
 From the ripe perfection of what was mine,
 All that is mine seems worse than nought.
 Yet I know as I sit in the dark and pine,
 No cup could be drained which had not been
 fraught.

From the throb, and thrill, of a day that was,
 The day that now is seems dull with gloom.
 Yet I bear its dulness and darkness because
 'Tis but the reaction of glow and bloom.

From the royal feast which of old was spread
 I am starved on the diet which now is mine ;
 Yet I could not turn hungry from water and bread,
 If I had not been sated on fruit and wine.

SUNSET

I saw the day lean o'er the world's sharp edge,
 And peer into night's chasm, dark and damp.
 High in his hand he held a blazing lamp,
 Then dropped it, and plunged headlong down the
 ledge.

With lurid splendour that swift paled to grey
I saw the dim skies suddenly flush bright.
'Twas but the expiring glory of the light
Flung from the hand of the adventurous day.

THE WHEEL OF THE BREAST

THROUGH rivers of veins on the nameless quest
The tide of my life goes hurriedly sweeping,
Till it reaches that curious wheel o' the breast,
The human heart, which is never at rest.

Faster, faster, it cries, and leaping,
Plunging, dashing, speeding away,
The wheel and the river work night and day.

I know not wherefore, I know not whither
This strange tide rushes with such mad force ;
It glides on hither, it slides on thither,
Over and over the selfsame course,
With never an outlet and never a source ;
And it lashes itself to the heat of passion
And whirls the heart in mill-wheel fashion.

I can hear in the hush of the still, still night
The ceaseless sound of that mighty river ;
I can hear it gushing, gurgling, rushing
With a wild, delirious, strange delight,
And a conscious pride in its sense of might,
As it hurries and worries my heart for ever.

And I wonder oft as I lie awake,
 And list to the river that seethes and surges
 Over the wheel that it chides and urges,—
 I wonder oft if that wheel will break
 With the mighty pressure it bears, some day,
 Or slowly and wearily wear away.

For little by little the heart is wearing,
 Like the wheel of the mill, as the tide goes tearing
 And plunging hurriedly through my breast,
 In a network of veins on a nameless quest,
 From and forth unto unknown oceans,
 Bringing its cargoes of fierce emotions,
 With never a pause or an hour for rest.

A MEETING

Q UITE carelessly I turned the newsy sheet :
 A song I sang, full many a year ago,
 Smiled up at me, as in a busy street
 One meets an old-time friend he used to know.

So full it was, that simple little song,
 Of all the hope, the transport, and the truth,
 Which to the impetuous morn of life belong,
 That, once again, I seemed to grasp my youth.

So full it was of that sweet, fancied pain
 We woo and cherish ere we meet with woe
 I felt, as one who hears a plaintive strain
 His mother sang him in the long ago.

Up from the grave the years that lay between
 That song's birthday and my stern present came
 Like phantom forms, and swept across the scene,
 Bearing their broken dreams of love and fame.

Fair hopes and bright ambitions that I knew
 In that old time, with their ideal grace,
 Shone for a moment, then were lost to view,
 Behind the dull clouds of the commonplace.

With trembling hands I put the sheet away ;
 Ah, little song ! the sad and bitter truth
 Struck like an arrow when we met that day !
 My life has missed the promise of its youth.

EARNESTNESS

THE hurry of the times affects us so
 In this swift rushing hour we crowd, and press,
 And thrust each other backward, as we go,
 And do not pause to lay sufficient stress
 Upon that good, strong, true word, Earnestness.
 In our impetuous haste, could we but know
 Its full, deep meaning, its vast import, oh,
 Then might we grasp the secret of success !

A PICTURE

In that receding age when men were great,
 The bone and sinew of their purpose lay
 In this one word. God likes an earnest soul—
 Too earnest to be eager. Soon or late
 It leaves the spent horde breathless by the way,
 And stands serene, triumphant at the goal

A PICTURE

I STROLLED last eve across the lonely down,
 One solitary picture struck my eye,
 A distant ploughboy stood against the sky—
 How far he seemed, above the noisy town!

Upon the bosom of a cloud the sod
 Laid its bruised cheek, as he moved slowly by,
 And, watching him, I asked myself if I
 In very truth stood half as near to God.

MOCKERY

WHY do we grudge our sweets so to the living,
 Who, God knows, finds at best too much of
 gall,
 And then with generous open hands kneel, giving
 Unto the dead our all?

Why do we pierce the warm heart's sin or sorrow
With idle jests, or scorn, or cruel sneers,
And when it cannot know, on some to-morrow,
Speak of its woe through tears ?

What do the dead care for the tender token—
The love, the praise, the floral offerings ?
But palpitating, living hearts are broken
For want of just these things.

TWIN-BORN

HE who possesses virtue at its best,
Or greatness in the true sense of the word,
Has one day started even with that herd
Whose swift feet now speed, but at sin's behest.
It is the same force in the human breast
Which makes men gods or demons. If we gird
Those strong emotions by which we are stirred
With might of will and purpose, heights unguessed
Shall dawn for us ; or if we give them sway,
We can sink down and consort with the lost.
All virtue is worth just the price it cost.
Black sin is oft white truth, that missed its way,
And wandered off in paths not understood.
Twin-born I hold great evil and great good.

FLOODS

IN the dark night, from sweet refreshing sleep
 I wake to hear outside my window-pane
 The uncurbed fury of the wild spring rain,
 And weird winds lashing the defiant deep,
 And roar of floods that gather strength and leap
 Down dizzy, wreck-strewn channels to the main.
 I turn upon my pillow, and again
 Compose myself for slumber.

Let them sweep ;

I once survived great floods, and do not fear,
 Though ominous planets congregate, and seem
 To foretell strange disasters.

From a dream—

Ah ! dear God ! such a dream !—I woke to hear,
 Through the dense shadows lit by no star's gleam,
 The rush of mighty waters on my ear.
 Helpless, afraid, and all alone, I lay ;
 The floods had come upon me unaware.
 I heard the crash of structures that were fair ;
 The bridges of fond hopes were swept away
 By great salt waves of sorrow. In dismay
 I saw by the red lightning's lurid glare
 That on the rockbound island of despair
 I had been cast. Till the dim dawn of day
 I heard my castles falling, and the roll

Of angry billows bearing to the sea
The broken timbers of my very soul.
Were all the pent-up waters from the whole
Stupendous solar system to break free,
There are no floods now that can frighten me.

REGRET

THERE is a haunting phantom called Regret.
A shadowy creature robed somewhat like Woe,
But fairer in the face, whom all men know
By her sad mien, and eyes for ever wet.
No heart would seek her ; but once having met
All take her by the hand, and to and fro
They wander through those paths of long ago—
Those hallowed ways 'twere wiser to forget.

One day she led me to that lost land's gate
And bade me enter ; but I answered ' No !
I will pass on with my bold comrade Fate ;
I have no tears to waste on thee—no time—
My strength I hoard for heights I hope to climb ;
No friend art thou, for souls that would be great.'

A FABLE

SOME cawing Crows, a hooting Owl,
A Hawk, a Canary, an old Marsh-Fowl,
One day all met together,
To hold a caucus, and settle the fate
Of a certain bird (without a mate),
A bird of another feather.

‘My friends,’ said the Owl, with a look most wise,
‘The Eagle is soaring too near the skies,
In a way that is quite improper ;
Yet the world is praising her, so I’m told,
And I think her actions have grown so bold
That some of us ought to stop her.’

I have heard it said,’ quoth Hawk, with a sigh,
‘That young lambs died at the glance of her eye,
And I wholly scorn and despise her.
This, and more, I am told they say—
And I think that the only proper way
Is never to recognise her.’

‘I am quite convinced,’ said Crow, with a caw,
‘That the Eagle minds no moral law,
She’s a most unruly creature.’
‘She’s an ugly thing,’ piped Canary Bird ;
‘Some call her handsome—it’s so absurd—
She hasn’t a decent feature.’

Then the old Marsh-Hen went hopping about,
She said she was sure—she hadn't a doubt—

Of the truth of each bird's story :
And she thought it a duty to stop her flight,
To pull her down from her lofty height,
And take the guilt from her glory.

But, lo ! from a peak on the mountain grand
That looks out over the smiling land

And over the mighty ocean,
The Eagle is spreading her splendid wings—
She rises, rises, and upward swings,
With a slow, majestic motion.

Up in the blue of God's own skies,
With a cry of rapture, away she flies,

Close to the Great Eternal :
She sweeps the world with her piercing sight—
Her soul is filled with the infinite
And the joy of things supernal.

Thus rise for ever the chosen of God,
The genius-crowned or the power-shod,

Over the dust-world sailing ;
And back, like splinters blown by the winds,
Must fall the missiles of silly minds,
Useless and unavailing.

POEMS OF PLEASURE

PASSIONAL

WOMAN AND WAR

WE women teach our little sons how wrong
And how ignoble blows are ; school and
church

Support our precepts and inoculate
The growing minds with thoughts of love and peace.
' Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' we say ;
But human beings with immortal souls
Must rise above the methods of the brute
And walk with reason and with self-control.

And then—dear God ! you men, you wise, strong men,
Our self-announced superiors in brain,
Our peers in judgment, you go forth to war !
You leap at one another, mutilate
And starve and kill your fellow-men, and ask
The world's applause for such heroic deeds.
You boast and strut ; and if no song is sung,
No laudatory epic writ in blood,
Telling how many widows you have made,
Why then, perforce, you say our bards are dead
And inspiration sleeps to wake no more.

And we, the women, we whose lives you are—
 What can we do but sit in silent homes
 And wait and suffer? Not for us the blare
 Of trumpets and the bugle's call to arms—
 For us no waving banners, no supreme,
 Triumphant hour of conquest. Ours the slow
 Dread torture of uncertainty, each day
 The bootless battle with the same despair.
 And when at best your victories reach our ears,
 There reaches with them to our pitying hearts
 The thought of countless homes made desolate
 And other women weeping for their dead.

O men, wise men, superior beings, say,
 Is there no substitute for war in this
 Great age and era? If you answer 'No,'
 Then let us rear our children to be wolves
 And teach them from the cradle how to kill.
 Why should we women waste our time and work
 In talking peace, when men declare for war?

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

THE stork flew over a town one day,
 And back of each wing an infant lay;
 One to a rich man's home he brought,
 And one he left at a labourer's cot.
 The rich man said, 'My son shall be
 A lordly ruler o'er land and sea.'

The labourer sighed, ' 'Tis the good God's will
That I have another mouth to fill.'
The rich man's son grew strong and fair,
And proud with the pride of a millionaire :
His motto in life was, 'Live while you may,'
And he crowded years in a single day.
He bought position and name and place,
And he bought him a wife with a handsome face.
He journeyed over the whole wide world,
But discontent in his heart lay curled
Like a serpent hidden in leaves and moss,
And life seemed hollow and gold was dross.
He scoffed at woman, and doubted God,
And died like a beast and went back to the sod.
The son of the labourer tilled the soil,
And thanked God daily for health and toil.
He wedded for love in his youthful prime,
And two lives chorded in tune and time.
His wants were simple, and simple his creed,
To trust God fully : it served his need,
And lightened his labour, and helped him to die
With a smile on his lips and a hope in his eye.
When all is over and all is done,
Now which of these men was the richer one ?

FREEDOM

I CARE not who were vicious back of me,
 No shadow of their sins on me is shed.
 My will is greater than heredity,
 I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice,
 May be reflections from a race that was.
 But this I know, and knowing it, rejoice,
 I am myself a part of the Great Cause.

I am a spirit ! Spirit would suffice,
 If rightly used, to set a chained world free.
 Am I not stronger than a mortal vice
 That crawls the length of some ancestral tree ?

SETTLE THE QUESTION RIGHT

HOWEVER the battle is ended,
 Though proudly the victor comes,
 With flaunting flags and neighing nags
 And echoing roll of drums ;
 Still truth proclaims this motto
 In letters of living light,
 No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
 May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame with one acclaim
 May call him great and just ;
Let those who applaud take warning
 And keep this motto in sight,
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage,
 Though the enemy seem to have won ;
If he be in the wrong, though his ranks are
 strong,
 The battle is not yet done.
For sure as the morning follows
 The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

O men, bowed down with labour,
 O women, young yet old,
O heart, oppressed in the toiler's breast
 And crushed by the power of gold,
Keep on with your weary battle
 Against triumphant might ;
No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

TRUE CHARITY

I GAVE a beggar from my little store
 Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
 And came again, and yet again, still cold
 And hungry, as before.

I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine
 He found himself, the man, supreme, divine!
 Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold.
 And now he begs no more.

UNTO THE END

I KNOW not where to-morrow's paths may wend,
 Nor what the future holds ; but this I know,
 Whichever way my feet are forced to go,
 I shall be given courage to the end.

Though God that awful gift of His may send
 We call long life, where headstones in a row
 Hide all of happiness, yet be it so :
 I shall be given courage to the end.

If dark the deepening shadows be, that blend
 With life's pale sunlight when the sun dips low,
 Though joy speeds by and sorrow's steps are slow,
 I shall be given courage to the end.

I do not question what the years portend—
Or good or ill whatever wind may blow,
It is enough, enough for me to know
I shall be given courage to the end.

‘THIS TOO SHALL PASS AWAY’

A MIGHTY monarch in the days of old
Made offer of high honour, wealth and gold,

To one who should produce in form concise
A motto for his guidance, terse yet wise—

A precept, soothing in his hours forlorn,
Yet one that in his prosperous days would warn.

Many the maxims sent the king, men say.
The one he chose : ‘ *This too shall pass away.*’

O jewel sentence from the mine of truth !
What riches it contains for age or youth.

No stately epic, measured and sublime,
So comforts, or so counsels, for all time

As these few words. Go write them on your heart
And make them of your daily life a part.

Has some misfortune fallen to your lot ?
This too will pass away—absorb the thought,

And wait ; your waiting will not be in vain,
Time gilds with gold the iron links of pain.

The dark to-day leads into light to-morrow ;
There is no endless joy, no endless sorrow.

Are you upon earth's heights ? No cloud in view ?
Go read your motto once again : *This too*

Shall pass away ; fame, glory, place, and power,
They are but little baubles of the hour

Flung by the ruthless years down in the dust.
Take warning and be worthy of God's trust.

Use well your prowess while it lasts ; leave bloom,
Not blight, to mark your footprints to the tomb.

The truest greatness lies in being kind,
The truest wisdom in a happy mind.

He who desponds, his Maker's judgment mocks ;
The gloomy Christian is a paradox.

Only the sunny soul respects its God,
Since life is short we need to make it broad ;

Since life is brief we need to make it bright.
Then keep the old king's motto well in sight,

And let its meaning permeate each day.
Whatever comes, *This too shall pass away.*

WAR SONNETS

I

WAR is destructive, wasteful, brutal, yet
The energies of man are brought to play,
And hidden valour by occasion met
Leaps to the light, as precious jewels may
When earthquakes rend the rock. The stress and
strain

Of war stirs men to do their worst and best.
Heroes are forged on anvils hot with pain,
And splendid courage comes but with the test.
Some natures ripen and some virtues bloom
Only in blood-red soil : some souls prove great
Only in moments dark with death or doom.
This is the sad historic jest which fate
Flings to the world, recurring time on time—
Many must fall that one may seem sublime.

II

Above the chaos of impending ills,
Through all thy clamour of insistent strife,
Now while the noise of arming nations fills
Each throbbing hour with menaces to life,
I hear the voice of Progress ! Strange indeed
The shadowed pathways that lead up to light
But as a runner sometimes will recede
That he may so accumulate his might,

Then with a will that needs must be obeyed
 Rushes resistless to the goal with ease,
 So the whole world seems now to retrograde,
 Slips back to war, that it may speed to peace ;
 And in that backward step it gathers force
 For the triumphant finish of its course.

SPEECH

TALK happiness. The world is sad enough
 Without your woe. No path is wholly rough.
 Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
 And speak of them to rest the weary ear
 Of earth ; so hurt by one continuous strain
 Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
 Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
 If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
 Say so ; if not, push back upon the shelf
 Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.
 No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-ending tale
 Of mortal maladies is worn and stale ;
 You cannot charm or interest or please
 By harping on that minor chord disease.
 Say you are well, or all is well with you,
 And God shall hear your words and make them true.

RECRIMINATION

I

S AID Life to Death, 'Methinks if I were you
I would not carry such an awesome face
To terrify the helpless human race.
And if, indeed, those wondrous tales be true
Of happiness beyond, and if I knew
About the boasted blessings of that place,
I would not hide so miserly all trace
Of my vast knowledge, Death, if I were you.
But like a glorious angel I would lean
Above the pathway of each sorrowing soul,
Hope in my eyes, and comfort in my breath,
And strong conviction in my radiant mien,
The while I whispered of that beauteous goal.
This would I do, if I were you, O Death !'

II

Said Death to Life, 'If I were you, my friend,
I would not lure confiding souls each day
With fair false smiles, to enter on a way
So filled with pain and trouble to the end.
I would not tempt those whom I should defend,
Nor stand unmoved and see them go astray.
Nor would I force unwilling souls to stay
Who longed for freedom, were I you, my friend.

But like a tender mother I would take
 The weary world upon my sheltering breast
 And wipe away its tears, and soothe its strife.
 I would fulfil my promises, and make
 My children bless me as they sank to rest
 Where now they curse—if I were you, O Life !

III

Life made no answer ; and Death spoke again :
 ' I would not woo from God's sweet nothingness
 A soul to being, if I could not bless
 And crown it with all joy. If unto men
 My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then
 Do they pursue me, mad for my caress,
 Believing in my silence lies redress
 For your loud falsehoods ? (So Death spoke again.)
 Oh, it is well for you I am not fair,
 Well that I hide behind a voiceless tomb
 The mighty secrets of that other place.
 Else would you stand in impotent despair
 While unfledged souls straight from the mother's
 womb
 Rushed to my arms, and spat upon your face.'

THE CHAIN

MEN have outgrown the worthless creed
Which bade them deem it God's good will
That labour sweat and starve, to fill
And glut the purse of idle greed.

They have outgrown the poor content
That breeds oppression. Forged by pain,
Mind links to mind in one great chain
Of protest and of argument.

And by the hand of progress hurled,
This mighty chain of human thought,
In silence and in anguish wrought,
Encompasses the pulsing world.

And he who will not form a link
Of new conditions, soon to be,
Ere long must stand aghast, and see
Old systems toppling down the brink.

They cannot, and they shall not last.
The broader impulse of the day
Will gain and grow and sweep away
The rank injustice of the Past.

Let no man think he can despoil
And rob his kind by trick and fraud,
And at the last make peace with God
By tossing alms to honest toil.

No man should hunger, and no man labour
To fill the purse of an idle neighbour ;
And each man should know when his work was
done,
Were I shared by the Many—not owned by one.

' I am forced by the few with their greed for gain,
To forge for the many new fetters of pain.
Yet this is my purpose, and ever will be
To set the slaves of the workshop free.
God hasten the day when, overjoyed,
That desperate host of the unemployed
Shall hear my message and understand,
And hail me friend in an opulent land.'

SUCCESS

NO mortal yet has measured his full force.
It is a river rising in God's thought
And emptying in the soul of man. Go back,
Back to the Source, and find divinity.
Forget the narrow borders, and ignore
The rocks and chasms which obstruct the way.
Remember the beginning. Man may be
And do the thing he wishes if he keeps
That one thought dominant through night and day
And knows his strength is limitless because

MY LAUNCH AND I

Its Fountainhead is God. That mighty stream
 Shall bear upon its breast, like golden fleets,
 His hopes, his efforts and his purposes,
 To anchor in the harbour of Success.

MY LAUNCH AND I

WHAT glorious times we have had together,
 My launch and I, in the summer weather !
 My trim little launch, with its sturdy sides
 And its strong heart beating away as it glides
 Out of the harbour and out of the bay,
 Wherever our fancy may lead away,
 Rollicking over the salt sea track,
 Hurrying seaward and hurrying back.

My boat has never a braggart sail,
 To boast in the breeze, in the calm to quail.
 No tyrant boom deals a sudden blow,
 Saying, ' You are my lackey, bend low, bend low !'
 No mast struts over a windless sea
 To show how powerless pride may be ;
 But sure and steady, and true and staunch,
 It bounds o'er the billows—my little launch.

Ready and willing and quick to feel
 The slightest touch of my hand on the wheel,
 It laughs in the teeth of a driving gale,
 Or skims by the Cat boat's drooping sail.

Its head held high when the Sound is still,
Then dipping it's prow like a water-bird's bill
Down under the waves of a rolling sea—
Oh, my gay little launch is the boat for me !

Ofttimes when the great Sound seethes and swirls
I carry a cargo of laughing girls.
Bare-armed, bare-limbed, and with hanging hair
They are bold as mermaids and twice as fair.
They swarm from the cabin—they perch on the
prow;
When the tenth wave batters them, breast and brow,
They bloom the brighter, as sea-flowers do,
While their shrill sweet merriment bursts anew.

And oft when the sunset dyes the bay,
O'er a mirror-like surface we glide away,
My launch and I, to follow the breeze
That has jilted the shore for the deeper seas.
When the full moon flirts with the perigee tide,
On a track of silver away we ride—
Oh, glorious times we have together,
My boat and I, in the summer weather.

DEATH OF LABOUR

METHOUGHT a great wind swept across the
 earth,
 And all the toilers perished. Then I saw
 Pale terror blanch the rosy face of mirth,
 And careless eyes grow full of fear and awe.
 The sounds of pleasure ceased; the laughing song
 On folly's lip changed to an angry curse :
 A nameless horror seized the idle throng,
 And death and ruin filled the universe.

PROGRESS

IN its giving and its getting,
 In its smiling and its fretting,
 In its peaceful years of toiling
 And its awful days of war,
 Ever on the world is moving,
 And all human life is proving
 It is reaching toward the purpose
 That the great God meant it for.

Through its laughing and its weeping,
 Through its losing and its keeping,
 Through its follies and its labours,
 Weaving in and out of sight

To the end from the beginning,
 Through all virtue and all sinning,
 Reeled from God's great spool of Progress,
 Runs the golden thread of Right.

All the darkness and the errors,
 All the sorrows and the terrors,
 Time has painted in the background
 On the canvas of the World.
 All the beauty of life's story
 He will do in tones of glory
 When these final blots of shadow
 From his brushes have been hurled.

DISCONTENT

THE splendid discontent of God
 With chaos, made the world,
 Set suns in place, and filled all space
 With stars that shone and whirled.

If apes had been content with tails,
 No thing of higher shape
 Had come to birth: the king of earth
 To-day would be an ape.

And from the discontent of man
 The world's best progress springs.
 Then feed the flame—(from God it came)—
 Until you mount on wings.

SURRENDER

LOVE, when we met, 'twas like two planets meeting.
 Strange chaos followed ; body, soul, and heart
 Seemed shaken, thrilled and startled by that greeting.

Old ties, old dreams, old aims, all torn apart
 And wrenched away, left nothing there the while
 But the great shining glory of your smile.

I knew no past ; 'twas all a blurred, bleak waste :
 I asked no future ; 'twas a blinding glare.

I only saw the present : as men taste
 Some stimulating wine, and lose all care,
 I tasted Love's elixir, and I seemed
 Dwelling in some strange land, like one who dreamed.

It was a Godlike separate existence ;
 Our world was set apart in some fair clime.

I had no will, no purpose, no resistance ;
 I only knew I loved you for all time.

The earth seemed something foreign and afar,
 And we two, sovereigns dwelling in a star !

It is so sad, so strange, I almost doubt
 That all those years could be before we met.
 Do you not wish that we could blot them out ?
 Obliterate them wholly, and forget

That we had any part in life until
 We clasped each other with Love's rapture thrill ?

My being trembled to its very centre
At that first kiss. Cold Reason stood aside
With folded arms to let a grand Love enter
In my Soul's secret chamber to abide.
Its great High Priest, my first love and my last,
There on its altar I consumed my past.

And all my life I lay upon its shrine
The best emotions of my heart and brain,
Whatever gifts and graces may be mine ;
No secret thought, no memory I retain,
But give them all for dear Love's precious sake ;
Complete surrender of the whole I make.

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL

THE Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,
And followed her low and high,
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her head,
She was so shy—so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion ;
Ah, he was a lover bold !
And his heart was afire with mad desire
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him,
Her hair was a shining sheen,
And oh, that Fate would annihilate
The space that lay between !

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL

Just as the day lay panting
 In the arms of the twilight dim,
 The Sunbeam caught the one he sought
 And drew her close to him.

But out of his warm arms, startled
 And stirred by Love's first shock,
 She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,
 And hid in the niche of a rock.

And the Sunbeam followed and found her
 And led her to Love's own feast ;
 And they were wed on that rocky bed,
 And the dying Day was their priest.

And lo ! the beautiful Opal—
 That rare and wondrous gem—
 Where the moon and sun blend into one,
 Is the child that was born to them.

THE DIFFERENCE

PASSION is what the sun feels for the earth
 When harvests ripen into golden birth.

Lust is the hot simoon whose burning breath
 Sweeps o'er the fields with devastating death.

Passion is what God felt, the Holy One,
 Who loved the world so, He begot His Son.

Lust is the impulse Satan peering in
To Eden had, when he taught Eve to sin.

One sprang from light, and one from darkness grew ;
How dim the vision that confounds the two !

TWO LOVES

THE woman he loved, while he dreamed of her,
Danced on till the stars grew dim,
But alone with her heart, from the world apart,
Sat the woman who loved him.

The woman he worshipped only smiled
When he poured out his passionate love.
But the other somewhere, kissed her treasure most rare,
A book he had touched with his glove.

The woman he loved betrayed his trust,
And he wore the scars for life ;
And he cared not, nor knew, that the other was true ;
But no man called her his wife.

The woman he loved trod festal halls,
While they sang his funeral hymn,
But the sad bells tolled, ere the year was old,
For the woman who loved him.

THE WAY OF IT

THIS is the way of it, wide world over,
 One is beloved, and one is the lover,
 One gives and the other receives.
 One lavishes all in a wild emotion,
 One offers a smile for a life's devotion,
 One hopes and the other believes,
 One lies awake in the night to weep,
 And the other drifts off in a sweet sound sleep.

One soul is aflame with a godlike passion,
 One plays with love in an idler's fashion,
 One speaks and the other hears.
 One sobs, 'I love you,' and wet eyes show it,
 And one laughs lightly, and says, 'I know it,'
 With smiles for the other's tears.
 One lives for the other and nothing beside,
 And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over,
 The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
 And the other learns to forget.
 'For what is the use of endless sorrow ?
 Though the sun goes down, it will rise to-morrow ;
 And life is not over yet.'
 Oh ! I know this truth, if I know no other,
 That passionate Love is Pain's own mother.

ANGEL OR DEMON

YOU call me an angel of love and of light,
A being of goodness and heavenly fire,
Sent out from God's kingdom to guide you aright,
In paths where your spirits may mount and aspire.
You say that I glow like a star on its course,
Like a ray from the altar, a spark from the source.

Now list to my answer ; let all the world hear it ;
I speak unafraid what I know to be true :
A pure, faithful love is the creative spirit
Which makes women angels ! I live but in you.
We are bound soul to soul by life's holiest laws ;
If I am an angel—why, you are the cause.

As my ship skims the sea, I look up from the deck.
Fair, firm at the wheel shines Love's beautiful form,
And shall I curse the barque that last night went to
wreck,

By the Pilot abandoned to darkness and storm ?
My craft is no stauncher, she too had been lost—
Had the wheelman deserted, or slept at his post.

I laid down the wealth of my soul at your feet
(Some woman does this for some man every day).
No desperate creature who walks in the street,
Has a wickeder heart than I might have, I say,
Had you wantonly misused the treasures you won,
—As so many men with heart riches have done.

This fire from God's altar, this holy love flame,
That burns like sweet incense for ever for you,
Might now be a wild conflagration of shame,
Had you tortured my heart, or been base or untrue.
For angels and devils are cast in one mould,
Till love guides them upward, or downward, I hold.

I tell you the women who make fervent wives
And sweet tender mothers, had Fate been less fair,
Are the women who might have abandoned their lives
To the madness that springs from and ends in despair.
As the fire on the hearth which sheds brightness around,
Neglected, may level the walls to the ground.

The world makes grave errors in judging these things,
Great good and great evil are born in one breast.
Love horns us and hoofs us—or gives us our wings,
And the best could be worst, as the worst could be
best.

You must thank your own worth for what I grew to be,
For the demon lurked under the angel in me.

DAWN

DAY'S sweetest moments are at dawn.
Refreshed by his long sleep, the Light
Kisses the languid lips of Night,
Ere she can rise and hasten on.

All glowing from his dreamless rest
 He holds her closely to his breast,
 Warm lip to lip and limb to limb,
 Until she dies for love of him.

PEACE AND LOVE

THERE are two angels, messengers of light,
 Both born of God, who yet are bitterest foes.
 No human breast their dual presence knows.
 As violently opposed as wrong and right,
 When one draws near, the other takes swift flight,
 And when one enters, thence the other goes.
 Till mortal life in the immortal flows,
 So must these two avoid each other's sight.
 Despair and hope may meet within one heart,
 The vulture may be comrade to the dove !
 Pleasure and Pain swear friendship leal and true :
 But till the grave unites them, still apart
 Must dwell these angels known as Peace and Love,
 For only Death can reconcile the two.

THE INSTRUCTOR

NOT till we meet with Love in all his beauty,
 In all his solemn majesty and worth,
 Can we translate the meaning of life's duty,
 Which God oft writes in cypher at our birth.

Not till Love comes in all his strength and terror
 Can we read other's hearts ; not till then know
 A wide compassion for all human error,
 Or sound the quivering depths of mortal woe.

Not till we sail with him o'er stormy oceans
 Have we seen tempests ; hidden in his hand
 He holds the keys to all the great emotions ;
 Till he unlocks them, none can understand.

Not till we walk with him on lofty mountains
 Can we quite measure heights. And, O sad truth !
 When once we drink from his immortal fountains,
 We bid farewell to the light heart of youth.

Thereafter our most perfect day will borrow
 A dimming shadow from some dreaded night
 So great grows joy it merges into sorrow,
 And evermore pain tinctures our delight.

BLASÉ

THE world has outlived all its passion :
 Its men are inane and blasé,
 Its women mere puppets of fashion ;
 Life now is a comedy play.
 Our Abélard sighs for a season,
 Then yields with decorum to fate.
 Our Héloïse listens to reason,
 And seeks a new mate.

Our Romeo's flippant emotion
Grows pale as the summer grows old ;
Our Juliet proves her devotion
By clasping—a cup filled with gold. .
Vain Antony boasts of his favours
From fair Cleopatra the frail,
And the death of the sorceress savours
Less of asps than of ale.

With the march of bold civilisation
Great loves and great faiths are down-trod,
They belonged to an era and nation
All fresh with the imprint of God.
High culture emasculates feeling,
The over-taught brain robs the heart,
And the shrine now where mortals are kneeling
Is a commonplace mart.

Our effeminate fathers and brothers
Keep carefully out of life's storm,
From the ladylike minds of our mothers
We are taught that to feel is 'bad form.'
Our worshippers now and our lovers
Are calmly devout with their brains,
And we laugh at the man who discovers
Warm blood in his veins.

But you, O twin souls, passion-mated,
 Who love as the gods loved of old,
 What blundering destiny fated
 Your lives to be cast in this mould ?
 Like a lurid volcanic upheaval,
 In pastures prosaic and grey,
 You seem with your fervours primæval,
 Among us to-day.

You dropped from some planet of splendour,
 Perhaps as it circled afar,
 And your constancy, swerveless and tender,
 You learned from the course of that star.
 Fly back to its bosom, I warn you—
 As back to the ark flew the dove—
 The minions of earth will but scorn you,
 Because you can love.

THE SEA-BREEZE AND THE SCARF

HUNG on the casement that looked o'er the main,
 Fluttered a scarf of blue ;
 And a gay, bold breeze paused to flatter and tease
 This trifle of delicate hue.
 ' You are lovelier far than the proud skies are,'
 He said, with a voice that sighed ;
 ' You are fairer to me than the beautiful sea,
 Oh, why do you stay here and hide ?

‘ You are wasting your life in that dull, dark room
 (And he fondled her silken folds) ;
 O’er the casement lean but a little, my Queen,
 And see what the great world holds.
 How the wonderful blue of your matchless hue
 Cheapens both sea and sky—
 You are far too bright to be hidden from sight.
 Come, fly with me, darling—fly.’

Tender his whisper and sweet his caress,
 Flattered and pleased was she,
 The arms of her lover lifted her over
 The casement out to sea.
 Close to his breast she was fondly pressed,
 Kissed once by his laughing mouth ;
 Then dropped to her grave in the cruel wave,
 While the wind went whistling south.

THREE AND ONE

SOMETIMES she seems so helpless and so mild,
 So full of sweet unreason and so weak,
 So prone to some capricious whim or freak
 Now gay, now tearful, and now anger-wild,
 By her strange moods of waywardness beguiled
 And entertained, I stroke her pretty cheek,
 And soothing words of peace and comfort speak ;
 And love her as a father loves a child.

Sometimes when I am troubled and sore pressed
On every side by fast advancing care,
She rises up with such majestic air,
I deem her some Olympian goddess-guest,
Who brings my heart new courage, hope, and rest :
In her brave eyes dwells balm for my despair,
And then I seem, while fondly gazing there,
A loving child upon my mother's breast.

Again, when her warm veins are full of life,
And youth's volcanic tidal wave of fire
Sends the swift mercury of her pulses higher,
Her beauty stirs my heart to maddening strife,
And all the tiger in my blood is rife ;
I love her with a lover's fierce desire,
And find in her my dream, complete, entire,
Child, Mother, Mistress—all in one word—Wife.

INBORN

AS long as men have eyes wherewith to gaze,
As long as men have eyes,
The sight of beauty to their sense shall be
As mighty winds are to a sleeping sea
When stormy billows rise.
And beauty's smile shall stir youth's ardent blood
As rays of sunlight burst the swelling bud ;
As long as men have eyes wherewith to gaze.

As long as men have words wherewith to praise,
 As long as men have words,
 They shall describe the softly-moulded breast,
 Where Love and Pleasure make their downy nest,
 Like little singing-birds ;
 And lovely limbs, and lips of luscious fire,
 Shall be the theme of many a poet's lyre,
 As long as men have words wherewith to praise.

As long as men have hearts that long for homes,
 As long as men have hearts,
 Hid often like the acorn in the earth,
 Their inborn love of noble woman's worth,
 Beyond all beauty's arts,
 Shall stem the sensuous current of desire,
 And urge the world's best thought to something
 higher,
 As long as men have hearts that long for homes.

TWO PRAYERS

HIS

DEAR, when you lift your gentle heart in prayer
 Ask God to send His angel Death to me
 Long ere he comes to you, if that may be.
 I would dwell with you in that new life there,

But having, man-like, sinned, I must prepare,
 By sad probation, ere I hope to see
 Those upper realms which are at once thrown free
 To sweet, white souls like yours, unstained and fair
 Time is so brief on earth, I well might spare
 A few short years, if so I could atone
 For my marred past, ere you are called above.
 My soul would glory in its own despair,
 Till purified I met you at God's throne,
 And entered on Eternities of Love.

HERS

Nay, Love, not so I frame my prayer to God ;
 I want you close beside me to the end ;
 If it could be then, I would have Him send
 A simultaneous death, and let one sod
 Cover our two hushed hearts. If you have trod
 Paths strange to me on earth, oh, let me wend
 My way with yours hereafter : let me blend
 My tears with yours beneath the chastening rod
 If you must pay the penalty for sin,
 In vales of darkness, ere you pass on higher,
 I will petition God to let me go.
 I would not wait on earth, nor enter in
 To any joys before you. I desire
 No glory greater than to share your woe.

SLEEP AND DEATH

WHEN Sleep drops down beside my Love and me
Although she wears the countenance of a friend,
A jealous foe we prove her in the end.
In separate barques far out on dreamland's sea,
She lures our wedded souls. Wild winds blow free,
And drift us wide apart by tides that tend
Tow'rd unknown worlds. Not once our strange ways
blend
Through the long night, while Sleep looks on in glee.

O Death! be kinder than thy sister seems,
When at thy call we journey forth some day,
Through that mysterious and unatlas'd strait,
To lands more distant than the land of dreams;
Close, close together let our spirits stay,
Or else, with one swift stroke annihilate!

ABSENCE

AFTER you went away, our lovely room
Seemed like a casket whence the soul had fled.
I stood in awful and appalling gloom,
The world was empty and all joy seemed dead

I think I felt as one might feel who knew
 That Death had left him on the earth alone.
 For 'all the world' to my fond heart means you ;
 And there is nothing left when you are gone.

Each way I turned my sad, tear-blinded gaze,
 I found fresh torture to augment my grief ;
 Some new reminder of the perfect days
 We passed together, beautiful as brief.

There lay a pleasing book that we had read—
 And there your latest gift ; and everywhere
 Some tender act, some loving word you said,
 Seemed to take form and mock at my despair.

All happiness that human heart may know
 I find with you ; and when you go away,
 Those hours become a winding-sheet of woe,
 And make a ghastly phantom of To-day.

LOVE MUCH

LOVE much. Earth has enough of bitter in it.
 Cast sweets into its cup whene'er you can.
 No heart so hard, but love at last may win it.
 Love is the grand primæval cause of man.
 All hate is foreign to the first great plan.

Love much. Your heart will be led out to slaughter,
On altars built of envy and deceit.

Love on, Love on ! 'tis bread upon the water ;
It shall be cast in loaves yet at your feet,
Unleavened manna, most divinely sweet.

Love much. Your faith will be dethroned and shaken,
Your trust betrayed by many a fair, false lure.

Remount your faith, and let new trusts awaken.
Though clouds obscure them, yet the stars are pure,
Love is a vital force and must endure.

Love much. Men's souls contract with cold suspicion ;
Shine on them with warm love, and they expand.

'Tis love, not creeds, that from a low condition
Leads mankind up to heights supreme and grand.
Oh that the world could see and understand !

Love much. There is no waste in freely giving ;
More blessed is it, even, than to receive.

He who loves much alone finds life worth living :
Love on, through doubt and darkness ; and believe
There is no thing which Love may not achieve.

ONE OF US TWO

THE day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb.
And morns will fade, noons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must sometimes face existence
 All with memories that but sharpen pain.
 And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance,
 Like dreams of summer dawns, in nights of rain.
 One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
 Shall read long-treasured letters through salt tears,
 Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token,
 That speaks of these love-crowned delicious years.
 One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
 All joy on earth, a tale for ever done ;
 Shall know henceforth that life means only duty.
 O God ! O God ! have pity on that one.

HER REVERIE

WE were both of us—ay, we were both of us
 there,

In the self-same house at the play together ;
 To her it was summer, with bees in the air—
 To me it was winter weather.

We never had met, and yet we two
 Had played in desperate woman fashion,
 A game of life, with a prize in view,
 And oh ! I played with passion.

'Twas a game that meant heaven and sweet home-life
 For the one who went forth with a crown upon her ;
 For the one who lost—it meant lone strife,
 Sorrow, despair, and dishonour.

Well, she won (yet it was not she—

I am told that she was a praying woman :
No earthly power could outwit me—
But hers was superhuman).

She has the prize, and I have—well,
Memories sweeter than joys of heaven
Memories fierce as the fires of hell—
Those unto me were given.

And we sat in the self-same house last night ;
And he was there. It is no error
When I say (and it gave me keen delight)
That his eye met mine with terror.

When the love we have won at any cost
Has grown familiar as some old story,
Nought seems so dear as the love we lost,
All bright with the Past's weird glory.

And though he is fond of that woman, I know—
I saw in his eyes the brief confession—
That the love seemed sweeter which he let go
Than that in his possession.

So I am content. It would be the same
Were I the wife love-crowned and petted,
And she the woman who lost the game—
Then she were the one regretted.

TWO SINNERS

And loving him so, I would rather be
 The one he let go—and then vaguely desired,
 Than, winning him, once in his face to see
 The look of a love grown tired.

TWO SINNERS

THERE was a man, it was said one time,
 Who went astray in his youthful prime.
 Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet
 When the blood is a river that's running riot ?
 And boys will be boys the old folks say,
 And the man is the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed ; and the preacher told
 Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold.
 And Christian people threw open the door,
 With a warmer welcome than ever before.
 Wealth and honour were his to command,
 And a spotless woman gave him her hand.

And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms
 aboom,
 Crying ' God bless ladye, and God bless groom !'

There was a maiden who went astray
 In the golden dawn of her life's young day.
 She had more passion and heart than head
 And she followed blindly where fond Love led.

And Love unchecked is a dangerous guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in.
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in Heaven.
For this is the law of the earth, we know :
That the woman is stoned, while the man may go.

A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said frowning, 'We shall not call.'

WHAT LOVE IS

LOVE is the centre and circumference ;
The cause and aim of all things—'tis the key
To joy and sorrow, and the recompense
For all the ills that have been or may be.

Love is as bitter as the dregs of sin,
As sweet as clover-honey in its cell ;
Love is the password whereby souls get in
To heaven—the gate that leads, sometimes, to hell.

Love is the crown that glorifies ; the curse
That brands and burdens ; it is life and death ;
It is the great law of the universe ;
And nothing can exist without its breath.

Love is the impulse which directs the world,
 And all things know it and obey its power.
 Man, in the maelstrom of his passions whirled ;
 The bee that takes the pollen to the flower ;

The earth, uplifting her bare, pulsing breast
 To fervent kisses of the amorous sun ;—
 Each but obeys creative Love's behest,
 Which everywhere instinctively is done.

Love is the only thing that pays for birth,
 Or makes death welcome. O dear God above
 This beautiful but sad, perplexing earth,
 Pity the hearts that know—or know not—Love !

CONSTANCY

I WILL be true. Mad stars forsake their courses,
 And, led by reckless meteors, turn away
 From paths appointed by Eternal Forces ;
 But my fixed heart shall never go astray.
 Like those calm worlds whose sun-directed motion
 Is undisturbed by strife of wind or sea,
 So shall my swerveless and serene devotion
 Sweep on for ever, loyal unto thee.

I will be true. The fickle tide, divided
 Between two wooing shores, in wild unrest
 May to and fro shift always undecided ;
 Not so the tide of Passion in my breast.

With the grand surge of some resistless river,
That hurries on, past mountain, vale, and sea,
Unto the main, its waters to deliver,
So my full heart keeps all its wealth for thee.

I will be true. Light barques may be belated,
Or turned aside by every breeze at play,
While sturdy ships, well manned and richly freighted,
With fair sails flying, anchor safe in Bay
Like some firm rock, that, steadfast and unshaken,
Stands all unmoved when ebbing billows flee ;
So would my heart stand, faithful if forsaken—
I will be true, though thou art false to me.

PHILOSOPHICAL

RESOLVE

AS the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope. Remember,
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of Promise, forgetting
Whatever the Past held of sorrow or wrong.
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting ;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim ? Well, the mark is still
shining.

Did you faint in the race ? Well, take breath for
the next.

Did the clouds drive you back ? But see yonder their
lining.

Were you tempted and fell ? Let it serve for a
text !

As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the Past,
While you take your place in the line of Progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the
blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve.
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled,
For see how the light of the New Year is gilding
The wan, worn face of the bruised old world.

OPTIMISM

I'M no reformer ; for I see more light
Than darkness in the world ; mine eyes are quick
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,
And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm.
The fragrance and the beauty of the rose
Delight me so, slight thought I give its thorn ;
And the sweet music of the lark's clear song
Stays longer with me than the night-hawk's cry.
And e'en in this great throe of pain called Life
I find a rapture linked with each despair,
Well worth the price of anguish. I detect
More good than evil in humanity.
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,
And men grow better as the world grows old.

PAIN'S PROOF

I THINK man's great capacity for pain
 Proves his immortal birthright. I am sure
 No merely human mind could bear the strain
 Of some tremendous sorrows we endure.

Art's most ingenious breastworks fail at length,
 Beat by the mighty billows of the sea :
 Only the God-formed shores possess the strength
 To stand before their onslaughts, and not flee.

The structure that we build with careful toil,
 The tempest lays in ruins in an hour ;
 While some grand tree that springs forth from the soil
 Is bended but not broken by its power

Unless our souls had root in soil divine
 We could not bear earth's overwhelming strife.
 The fiercest pain that racks this heart of mine,
 Convinces me of everlasting life.

IMMORTALITY

IMMORTAL life is something to be earned
 By slow self-conquest, comradeship with Pain,
 And patient seeking after higher truths.
 We cannot follow our own wayward wills,

And feed our baser appetites, and give
Loose rein to foolish tempers year on year,
And then cry, 'Lord, forgive me, I believe,'
And straightway bathe in glory. Men must learn
God's system is too grand a thing for that.
The spark divine dwells in our souls, and we
Can fan it to a steady flame of light,
Whose lustre gilds the pathway to the tomb,
And shines on through Eternity, or else
Neglect it till it glimmers down to Death,
And leaves us but the darkness of the grave.
Each conquered passion feeds the living flame ;
Each well-borne sorrow is a step towards God ;
Faith cannot rescue, and no blood redeem,
The soul that will not reason and resolve.
Lean on thyself, yet prop thyself with prayer
(All hope is prayer ; who calls it hope no more,
Sends prayer footsore forth over weary wastes,
While he who calls it prayer gives wings to hope),
And there are spirits, messengers of Love,
Who come at call and fortify our strength.
Make friends with them, and with thine inner self ;
Cast out all envy, bitterness, and hate ;
And keep the mind's fair tabernacle pure.
Shake hands with Pain, give greeting unto Grief,
Those angels in disguise, and thy glad soul
From height to height, from star to shining star,
Shall climb and claim blest immortality.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

I PRAYED for riches, and achieved success ;
 All that I touched turned into gold. Alas !
 My cares were greater and my peace was less
 When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory, and I heard my name
 Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
 But ah! the hurts—the hurts that come with fame :
 I was not happy then.

I prayed for Love, and had my heart's desire.
 Through quivering heart and body, and through
 brain,
 There swept the flame of its devouring fire,
 And but the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
 Great light upon my darkened spirit burst.
 Great peace fell on me also, and great strength—
 Oh, had that prayer been first !

THE LADY OF TEARS

THROUGH valley and hamlet and city
 Wherever humanity dwells,
 With a heart full of infinite pity,
 A breast that with sympathy swells,

She walks in her beauty immortal.

Each household grows sad as she nears,
But she crosses at length every portal,
The mystical Lady of Tears.

If never this vision of sorrow

Has shadowed your life in the past,
You will meet her, I know, some to-morrow—
She visits all hearthstones at last.
To hovel, and cottage, and palace,
To servant and king she appears,
And offers the gall of her chalice—
The unwelcome Lady of Tears.

To the eyes that have smiled but in gladness,

To the souls that have basked in the sun,
She seems in her garments of sadness
A creature to dread and to shun.
And lips that have drunk but of pleasure
Grow pallid and tremble with fears,
As she portions the gall from her measure,
The merciless Lady of Tears.

But in midnight, lone hearts that are quaking,

With the agonised numbness of grief,
Are saved from the torture of breaking
By her bitter-sweet draught of relief.

THE MASTER HAND

Oh, then do all graces enfold her ;
 Like a goddess she looks and appears,
 And the eyes overflow that behold her—
 The beautiful Lady of Tears.

Though she turns to lamenting all laughter,
 Though she gives us despair for delight,
 Life holds a new meaning thereafter,
 For those who will greet her aright.
 They stretch out their hands to each other,
 For sorrow unites and endears
 The children of one tender mother,
 The sweet, blessed Lady of Tears.

THE MASTER HAND

IT is something too strange to understand,
 How all the chords on the instrument,
 Whether sorrowful, blithe, or grand,
 Under the touch of your master hand
 Were in one melody blent.
 Major, minor, everything—all—
 Came at your magic fingers' call.

Why ! famed musicians had turned in despair
 Again and again from those self-same keys ;
 They mayhap brought forth a simple air,
 But a discord always crept in somewhere,
 In their fondest efforts to please.

Or a jarring, jangling, meaningless strain
Angered the silence to noisy pain.

‘ Out of tune,’ they would frown and say ;
Or ‘ a loosened key ’ or ‘ a broken string ’ ;
But sure and certain they were alway
That no man living on earth could play
Measures more perfect, or bring
Sweeter sounds or a truer air
Out of that curious instrument there.

And then you came. You swept the scale
With a mighty master’s wonderful art.
You made the minor keys sob and wail,
While the low notes rang like a bell in a gale.
And every chord in my heart,
From the deep bass tones to the shrill ones above,
Joined into that glorious harmony—Love.

And now, though I live for a thousand years,
On no new chord can a new hand fall.
The chords of sorrow, of pain, of tears,
The chords of raptures and hopes and fears,
I say you have struck them all ;
And all the meaning put into each strain
By the Great Composer, you have made plain.

SECRET THOUGHTS

I HOLD it true that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath, and wings,
And that we send them forth to fill
The world with good results—or ill.

That which we call our secret thought
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot,
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it
In your still chamber as you sit
With thoughts you would not dare have known,
And yet make comrades when alone.

These thoughts have life ; and they will fly
And leave their impress by and by
Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned breath
Breathes into homes its fevered death.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind to make its home,
A dove or raven, it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair ;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds and moulding fate—
God's system is so intricate.

THERE COMES A TIME

THERE comes a time to every mortal being,
Whate'er his station or his lot in life,
When his sad soul yearns for the final freeing
From all this jarring and unceasing strife.

There comes a time, when, having lost its savour,
The salt of wealth is worthless ; when the mind
Grows wearied with the world's capricious favour,
And sighs for something that it cannot find.

There comes a time, when, though kind friends throng-
ing
About our pathway with sweet acts of grace,
We feel a vast and overwhelming longing
For something that we cannot name or place.

There comes a time, when, with earth's best love by us,
To feed the heart's great hunger and desire,
We find not even this can satisfy us ;
The soul within us cries for something higher.

What greater proof need we that we inherit
A life immortal in another sphere ?
It is the homesick longing of the spirit
That cannot find its satisfaction here.

THE WORLD

WITH noiseless steps good goes its way ;
The earth shakes under evil's tread.
We hear the uproar, and 'tis said,
The world grows wicked every day.

It is not true. With quiet feet,
In silence, Virtue sows her seeds ;
While Sin goes shouting out his deeds,
And echoes listen and repeat.

But surely as the old world moves,
And circles round the shining sun,
So surely does God's purpose run,
And all the human race improves.

Despite bold evil's noise and stir,
Truth's golden harvests ripen fast ;
The Present far outshines the Past ;
Men's thoughts are higher than they were.

Who runs may read this truth, I say :
Sin travels in a rumbling car,
While Virtue soars on like a star—
The world grows better every day.

NECESSITY

NECESSITY, whom long I deemed my foe,
Thou cold, unsmiling, and hard-visaged dame,
Now I no longer see thy face, I know
Thou wert my friend beyond reproach or blame.

My best achievements and the fairest flights
Of my winged fancy were inspired by thee ;
Thy stern voice stirred me to the mountain heights ;
Thy importunings bade me do and be.

But for thy breath, the spark of living fire
Within me might have smouldered out at length ;
But for thy lash, which would not let me tire,
I never would have measured my own strength.

But for thine oft-times merciless control
Upon my life, that nerved me past despair,
I never should have dug deep in my soul
And found the mine of treasures hidden there.

And though we walk divided pathways now,
And I no more may see thee, to the end,
I weave this little chaplet for thy brow,
That other hearts may know, and hail thee friend.

ACHIEVEMENT

TRUST in thine own untried capacity
 As thou wouldst trust in God Himself. Thy soul
 Is but an emanation from the whole.

Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
 Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea ;
 Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll ;
 Go seek them—but let pilot will control
 Those passions which thy favouring winds can be.

No man shall place a limit in thy strength ;
 Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained
 May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe
 In thy Creator and thyself. At length
 Some feet will tread all heights now unattained—
 Why not thine own ? Press on ; achieve ! achieve !

BELIEF

THE pain we have to suffer seems so broad,
 Set side by side with this life's narrow span,
 We need no greater evidence that God
 Has some diviner destiny for man.

He would not deem it worth His while to send
 Such crushing sorrows as pursue us here,
 Unless beyond this fleeting journey's end
 Our chastened spirits found another sphere.

So small this world ! So vast its agonies !
 A future life is needed to adjust
 These ill-proportioned, wide discrepancies
 Between the spirit and its frame of dust.

So when my soul writhes with some aching grief,
 And all my heart-strings tremble at the strain,
 My Reason lends new courage to Belief,
 And all God's hidden purposes seem plain.

WHATEVER IS—IS BEST

I KNOW as my life grows older,
 And mine eyes have clearer sight,
 That under each rank wrong, somewhere
 There lies the root of Right ;
 That each sorrow has its purpose,
 By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
 But as sure as the sun brings morning,
 Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
 As sure as the night brings shade,
 Is somewhere, sometime punished,
 Though the hour be long delayed.
 I know that the soul is aided
 Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
 And to grow means often to suffer—
 But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
 In the great Eternal plan,
 And all things work together
 For the final good of man.
 And I know when my soul speeds onward,
 In its grand Eternal quest,
 I shall say as I look back earthward,
 Whatever is—is best.

PEACE AT THE GOAL

FROM the soul of a man who was homeless
 Came the deathless song of home ;
 And the praises of rest are chanted best
 By those who are forced to roam.

In a time of fast and hunger
 We can talk over feasts divine ;
 But the banquet done, why, where is the one
 Who can tell you the taste of the wine ?

We think of the mountain's grandeur
 As we walk in the heat afar ;
 But when we sit in the shadows of it,
 We think how at rest we are.

With the voice of the craving passions
 We can picture a love to come ;
 But the heart once filled, lo ! the voice is stilled,
 And we stand in the silence—dumb.

THE LAW

LIFE is a Shylock ; always it demands
The fullest usurer's interests for each pleasure.
Gifts are not freely scattered by its hands :
We make returns for every borrowed treasure

Each talent, each achievement, and each gain
Necessitates some penalty to pay.
Delight imposes lassitude and pain,
As certainly as darkness follows day

All you bestow on causes or on men,
Of love or hate, of malice or devotion,
Somehow, sometime, shall be returned again—
There is no wasted toil, no lost emotion.

The motto of the world is give and take.
It gives you favours—out of sheer goodwill.
But unless speedy recompense you make,
You'll find yourself presented with its bill.

When rapture comes to thrill the heart of you,
Take it with tempered gratitude. Remember,
Some later time the interest will fall due.
No year brings June that does not bring December.

RECOMPENSE

STRAIGHT through my heart this fact
to-day,
By Truth's own hand is driven :
God never takes one thing away,
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years,
This law of love and kindness ;
I only mourned through bitter tears
My loss, in sorrow's blindness,

But, ever following each regret
O'er some departed treasure,
My sad repining heart was met
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought it only happened so ;
But Time this truth has taught me—
No least thing from my life can go,
But something else is brought me.

It is the Law, complete, sublime ;
And now, with Faith unshaken,
In patience I but bide my time
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow
 May for the moment down me,
Still, back of it waits Love, I know,
 With some new gift to crown me.

DESIRE

NO joy for which thy hungering heart has
 panted,

No hope it cherishes through waiting years,
But, if thou dost deserve it, shall be granted,
 For with each passionate wish the blessing nears.

Tune up the fine, strong instrument of thy being
 To chord with thy dear hope, and do not tire.
When both in key and rhythm are agreeing,
 Lo ! thou shalt kiss the lips of thy desire.

The thing thou cravest so waits in the distance,
 Wrapt in the silences, unseen and dumb :
Essential to thy soul and thy existence—
 Live worthy of it—call, and it shall come.

DEATHLESS

THERE lies in the centre of each man's heart
A longing and love for the good and pure ;
And if but an atom, or larger part,
I tell you this shall endure—endure
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward the neights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me :
That the Universe rests on the shoulders of love ;
A love so limitless, deep, and broad,
That men have renamed it, and called it—God.

And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force,
But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the Great Love Source :
A shining drop that shall live for aye—
Though kingdoms may perish, and stars decay.

KEEP OUT OF THE PAST

KEEP out of the Past ! for its highways
Are damp with malarial gloom ;
Its gardens are sere and its forests are drear,
And everywhere moulders a tomb.
Who seeks to regain its lost pleasures
Finds only a rose turned to dust ;
And its storehouse of wonderful treasures
Are covered and coated with rust.

Keep out of the Past ! It is haunted :
He who in its avenues gropes
Shall find there the ghost of a joy prized the most,
And a skeleton throng of dead hopes.
In place of its beautiful rivers
Are pools that are stagnant with slime ;
And these graves gleaming white in a phosphoric light
Hide dreams that were slain in their prime.

Keep out of the Past ! It is lonely,
And barren and bleak to the view ;
Its fires have grown cold, and its stories are old—
Turn, turn to the Present—the New :
To-day leads you up to the hilltops
That are kissed by the radiant sun,
To-day shows no tomb, life's hopes are in bloom,
And to-day holds a prize to be won.

THE FAULT OF THE AGE

THE fault of the age is a mad endeavour
To leap to heights that were made to climb :
By a burst of strength, of a thought most clever,
We plan to forestall and outwit Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having ;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn ;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving,
As our forefathers did in the old times gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom for us to wear ;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting ;
We want wealth—not as reward, but dower ;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet to shrink from the winning ;
To thirst for glory, yet fear to fight ;
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight ?

Better the old slow way of striving,
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our force and our strength in contriving
And to grasp for pleasure we have not won.

DISTRUST

DISTRUST that man who tells you to distrust ;
He takes the measure of his own small soul,
And thinks the world no larger. He who prates
Of human nature's baseness and deceit
Looks in the mirror of his heart, and sees
His kind therein reflected. Or perchance
The honeyed wine of life was turned to gall
By sorrow's hand, which brimmed his cup with tears,
And made all things seem bitter to his taste.
Give him compassion ! But be not afraid
Of nectared Love, or Friendship's strengthening draught,
Nor think a poison underlies their sweets.
Look through true eyes—you will discover truth ;
Suspect suspicion, and doubt only doubt.

ARTIST AND MAN

MAKE thy life better than thy work. Too oft
Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft
Fair curves upon their statues, while the rough
And ragged edges of the unhewn stuff
In their own natures startle and offend
The eye of critic and the heart of friend.

If in thy too brief day thou must neglect
Thy labour or thy life, let men detect
Flaws in thy work ; while their most searching gaze
Can fall on nothing which they may not praise
In thy well-chiselled character. The Man
Should not be shadowed by the Artisan !

MISCELLANEOUS

BABYLAND

HAVE you heard of the Valley of Babyland,
The realm where the dear little darlings stay,
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And, oh! so tenderly bring them away?
The paths are winding, and past all finding
By all save the storks who understand
The gates and the highways and the intricate byways
That lead to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss;
And under the ferns fair, and under the plants there,
Lie little heads like spools of floss.
With a soothing number the river of slumber
Flows o'er a bedway of silver sand;
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping
Babes of Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland
Only the kingly, kind storks know;
If they fly over mountains, or wade through fountains,
No man sees them come or go.

But an angel maybe, who guards some baby,
 Or a fairy perhaps, with her magic wand,
 Brings them straightway to the wonderful gateway
 That leads to Babyland.

And there in the Valley of Babyland,
 Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,
 Like an unfledged starling, they find the darling
 For whom the heart of a mother yearns ;
 And they lift him lightly, and snug him tightly
 In feathers soft as a lady's hand ;
 And off with a rockaway step they walk away
 Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland
 Forth into the world of great unrest,
 Sometimes in weeping he wakes from sleeping
 Before he reaches the mother's breast.
 Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him !
 Bonniest bird in the bright home band
 That o'er land and water the kind stork brought her
 From far-off Babyland.

A FACE

BETWEEN the curtains of snowy lace,
 Over the way is a baby's face ;
 It peeps forth, smiling in merry glee,
 And waves its pink little hand at me.

My heart responds with a lonely cry—
 But in the wonderful By-and-By—
 Out from the window of God's 'To Be,'
 That other baby shall beckon to me.

That ever-haunting and longed-for face,
 That perfect vision of infant grace,
 Shall shine on me in a splendour of light,
 Never to fade from my eager sight.

All that was taken shall be made good ;
 All that puzzles me understood ;
 And the wee white hand that I lost, one day,
 Shall lead me into the Better Way.

AN OLD COMRADE

ALL suddenly between me and the light,
 That brightly shone and warm,
 Robed in the pall-like garments of the night,
 There rose a shadowy form.

'Stand back,' I said ; ' you quite obscure the sun ;
 What do you want with me ?'
 'Dost thou not know, then ?' quoth the mystic one ;
 'Look on my face and see !'

I looked, and, lo ! it was my old despair,
 Robed in a new disguise ;
 In blacker garments than it used to wear,
 But with the same sad eyes.

So ghostly were the memories it awoke,
I shrank in fear away.

‘Nay, be more kind,’ ’twas thus the dark shape spoke,
‘For I have come to stay.

‘So long thy feet have trod on sunny heights,
Such joys thy heart has known,
Perchance thou hast forgotten those long nights,
When we two watched alone

‘Though sweet and dear the pleasures thou hast met,
And comely to thine eye,
Has one of them, in all that bright throng yet,
Been half so true as I ?

‘And that last rapture which ensnared thee so
With pleasure twin to pain,
It was the swiftest of them all to go—
But I—I will remain.

‘Again we two will live a thousand years,
In desperate nights of grief,
That shall refuse the bitter balm of tears,
For thy bruised heart’s relief.

‘Again we two will watch the hopeless dawn
Creep up a lonely sky—
Again we’ll urge the drear day to be gone,
Yet dread to see it die.

'Nay, shrink not from me, for I am thy friend,
One whom the Master sent ;
And I shall help thee, ere we reach the end,
To find a great content.

'And I will give thee courage to attain
The heights supremely fair,
Wherein thou'lt cry, "How blessed was my pain !
How Godsent my Despair !"'

ENTRE-ACTE REVERIES

BETWEEN the acts while the orchestra played
That sweet old waltz with the lilting measure,
I drifted away to a dear dead day,
When the dance, for me, was the sum of all pleasure ;
When my veins were rife with the fever of life,
When hope ran high as an inswept ocean,
And my heart's great gladness was almost madness,
As I floated off to the music's motion.

How little I cared for the world outside !
How little I cared for the dull day after !
The thought of trouble went up like a bubble,
And burst in a sparkle of mirthful laughter.
Oh ! and the beat of it, oh ! and the sweet of it,
Melody, motion, and young blood melted ;
The dancers swaying, the players playing,
The air song-deluged and music-pelted,

I knew no weariness, no, not I—

My step was as light as the waving grasses
That fluttered with ease on the strong-armed breeze,
As it waltzes over the wild morasses.
Life was all sound and swing ; youth was a perfect
thing ;

Night was the goddess of satisfaction.
Oh, how I tripped away, right to the edge of day !
Joy lay in motion, and rest lay in action.

I dance no more on the music's wave,
I yield no more to its 'wildering power ;
That time has flown like a rose that is blown,
Yet life is a garden for ever in flower.
Though storms of tears have watered the years
Between to-day and the day departed,
Though trials have met me, and grief's waves wet me,
And I have been tired and trouble-hearted.

Though under the sod of a wee green grave,
A great, sweet hope in darkness perished,
Yet life, to my thinking, is a cup worth drinking,
A gift to be glad of, and loved, and cherished.
There is deeper pleasure in the slower measure
That Time's grand orchestra now is playing ;
Its mellowed minor is sadder but finer,
And life grows daily more worth the living.

A PLEA

COLUMBIA, large-hearted and tender,
Too long for the good of your kin
You have shared your home's comfort and splendour
With all who have asked to come in.
The smile of your true eyes has lighted
The way to your wide-open door.
You have held out full hands, and invited
The beggar to take from your store.

Your overrun proud sister nations,
Whose offspring you help them to keep,
Are sending their poorest relations
Their unruly, vicious black sheep ;
Unwashed and unlettered you take them,
And lo ! we are pushed from your knee ;
We are governed by laws as they make them,
We are slaves in the land of the free.

Columbia, you know the devotion
Of those who have sprung from your soil ;
Shall aliens, born over the ocean,
Dispute us the fruits of our toil ?
Most noble and gracious of mothers,
Your children rise up and demand
That you bring us no more foster-brothers,
To breed discontent in the land.

Be prudent before you are zealous,
Not generous only—but just.
Our hearts are grown wrathful and jealous
Toward those who have outraged your trust.
They jostle and crowd in our places,
They sneer at the comforts you gave.
We say, shut the door in their faces—
Until they have learned to behave !

In hearts that are greedy and hateful,
They harbour ill-will and deceit ;
They ask for more favours, ungrateful
For those you have poured at their feet.
Rise up in your grandeur, and straightway
Bar out the bold, clamouring mass ;
Let sentinels stand at your gateway,
To see who is worthy to pass.

Give first to your own faithful toilers
The freedom our birthright should claim,
And take from these ruthless despoilers
The power which they use to our shame.
Columbia, too long you have dallied
With foes whom you feed from your store ;
It is time that your wardens were rallied,
And stationed outside the locked door.

THE ROOM BENEATH THE RAFTERS

SOMETIMES when I have dropped to sleep
Draped in a soft luxurious gloom,
Across my drowsing mind will creep
The memory of another room,
Where resinous knots in roof-boards made
A frescoing of light and shade,
And sighing poplars brushed their leaves
Against the humbly sloping eaves.

Again I fancy, in my dreams,
I'm lying in my trundle bed ;
I seem to see the bare old beams
And unhewn rafters overhead.
The mud wasp's shrill falsetto hum
I hear again, and see him come
Forth from his dark-walled hanging house,
Dressed in his black and yellow blouse.

There, summer dawns, in sleep I stirred,
And wove into my fair dream's woof
The chattering of a martin bird,
Or rain-drops pattering on the roof.
Or half awake, and half in fear,
I saw the spider spinning near
His pretty castle where the fly
Should come to ruin by and by.

And there I fashioned from my brain
 Youth's shining structures in the air.
 I did not wholly build in vain,
 For some were lasting, firm and fair
 And I am one who lives to say
 My life has held more gold than grey,
 And that the splendour of the real
 Surpassed my early dream's ideal.

But still I love to wander back
 To that old time and that old place ;
 To tread my way o'er memory's track,
 And catch the early morning grace,
 In that quaint room beneath the rafter,
 That echoed to my childish laughter ;
 To dream again the dreams that grew
 More beautiful as they came true.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

SHE was my dream's fulfilment and my joy,
 This lovely woman whom you call your wife.
 You sported at your play, an idle boy,
 When I first felt the stirring of her life
 Within my startled being. I was thrilled
 With such intensity of love, it filled
 The very universe ! But words are vain—
 No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt
The agonies of labour ; and the nights
I, weeping, o'er the little sufferer knelt,
You, wandering on through dreamland's fair
delights,
Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and
grew ;
While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol and my pride.
I taught her all those graces which you praise ;
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side
She should lend lustre to my fading days,
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough.
But lo ! the blossom was so fair a sight,
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God !—
And yet I think you do not realise
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod,
To bear and rear this woman you so prize.
It was no easy thing to see her go—
Even into the arms of the one she worshipped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart
For one who never bore a single hour
Of pain for her ; which tears her life apart

From all its moorings, and controls her more
Than all the ties the years have held before ;
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace—
And gives the one who bore her—second place !

She loves me still ! and yet, were Death to say,
‘Chose now between them !’ you would be her
choice.

God meant it to be so—it is His way.

But can you wonder if, while I rejoice
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife—
‘No longer necessary to her life !’

My pleasure in her joy is bitter sweet.

Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,
Because, for her, life’s drama seems complete

Without the mother’s oft-repeated part.

Be patient with me ! She was mine so long
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong
To meet the loss without the least regret.

And so, forgive me if my eyes are wet.

AN OLD FAN

(TO KITTY. HER REVERIE)

IT is is soiled and quite *passé*,
Broken too, and out of fashion,
But it stirs my heart some way,
As I hold it here to-day,
With a dead year's grace and passion
Oh, my pretty fan !

Precious dream and thrilling strain,
Rise up from that vanished season ;
Back to heart and nerve and brain
Sweeps the joy as keen as pain,
Joy that asks no cause or reason.
Oh, my dainty fan !

Hopes that perished in a night
Gaze at me like spectral faces ;
Grim despair and lost delight,
Sorrow long since gone from sight—
All are hiding in these laces.
Oh, my broken fan !

Let us lay the thing away—
I am sadder now and older ;
Fled the ballroom and the play—
You have had your foolish day,
And the night and life are colder.
Exit—little fan !

NO CLASSES

NO classes here ! Why, that is idle talk.
 The village beau sneers at the country boor ;
 The importuning mendicants who walk
 Our cities' streets despise the parish poor.

The daily toiler at some noisy loom
 Holds back her garments from the kitchen aid.
 Meanwhile the latter leans upon her broom,
 Unconscious of the bow the laundress made.

The grocer's daughter eyes the farmer's lass
 With haughty glances ; and the lawyer's wife
 Would pay no visits to the trading class,
 If policy were not her creed in life.

The merchant's son nods coldly at the clerk ;
 The proud possessor of a pedigree
 Ignores the youth whose father rose by work ;
 The title-seeking maiden scorns all three.

The aristocracy of blood looks down
 Upon the *nouveau riche* ; and in disdain,
 The lovers of the intellectual frown
 On both, and worship at the shrine of brain.

'No classes here,' the clergyman has said ;
 'We are one family.' Yet see his rage
 And horror when his favourite son would wed
 Some pure and pretty player on the stage.

It is the vain but natural human way
Of vaunting our weak selves, our pride, our worth
Not till the long-delayed millennial day
Shall we behold 'no classes' on God's earth.

A GREY MOOD

AS we hurry away to the end, my friend,
Of this sad little farce called existence,
We are sure that the future will bring one thing,
And that is the grave in the distance.
And so when our lives run along all wrong,
And nothing seems real or certain,
We can comfort ourselves with the thought (or not)
Of that spectre behind the curtain.

But we haven't much time to repine or whine,
Or to wound or jostle each other ;
And the hour for us each is to-day, I say,
If we mean to assist a brother.
And there is no pleasure that earth gives birth,
But the worry it brings is double ;
And all that repays for the strife of life,
Is helping some soul in trouble.

I tell you, if I could go back the track
To my life's morning hour,
I would not set forth seeking name or fame,
Or that poor bauble called power.

I would be like the sunlight, and live to give ;
 I would lend, but I would not borrow ;
 Nor would I be blind and complain of pain,
 Forgetting the meaning of sorrow.

This world is a vaporous jest at best,
 Tossed off by the gods in laughter ;
 And a cruel attempt at wit were it
 If nothing better came after.
 It is reeking with hearts that ache and break,
 Which we ought to comfort and strengthen,
 As we hurry away to the end, my friend,
 And the shadows behind us lengthen.

AT AN OLD DRAWER

BEFORE this scarf was faded,
 What hours of mirth it knew
 How gaily it paraded
 For smiling eyes to view !
 The days were tinged with glory,
 The nights too quickly sped,
 And life was like a story
 Where all the people wed.

Before this rosebud wilted,
 How passionately sweet
 The wild waltz swelled and lilted
 In time for flying feet !

How loud the bassoons muttered !
The horns grew madly shrill ;
And, oh ! the vows lips uttered
That hearts could not fulfil.

Before this fan was broken,
Behind its lace and pearl
What whispered words were spoken—
What hearts were in a whirl !
What homesteads were selected
In Fancy's realm of Spain !
What castles were erected,
Without a room for pain !

When this odd glove was mated,
How thrilling seemed the play !
Maybe our hearts are sated—
They tire so soon to-day.
Oh, shut away those treasures,
They speak the dreary truth—
We have outgrown the pleasures
And keen delights of youth

THE OLD STAGE QUEEN

BACK in the box by the curtains shaded,
She sits alone by the house unseen ;
Her eye is dim, her cheek is faded,
She who was once the people's queen.

The curtain rolls up, and she sees before her
A vision of beauty and youth and grace.
Ah ! no wonder all hearts adore her,
Silver-throated and fair of face.

Out of her box she leans and listens ;
Oh, is it with pleasure or with despair
That her thin cheek pales and her dim eye glistens,
While that fresh young voice sings the grand old air ?

She is back again in the past's bright splendour—
When life seemed worth living, and love a truth,
Ere Time had told her she must surrender
Her double dower of fame and youth.

It is she herself who stands there singing
To that sea of faces that shines and stirs ;
And the cheers on cheers that go up ringing
And rousing the echoes—are hers—all hers.

Just for one moment the sweet delusion
Quickens her pulses and blurs her sight,
And wakes within her that wild confusion
Of joy that is anguish and fierce delight.

Then the curtain goes down and the lights are gleaming
Brightly o'er circle and box and stall.

She starts like a sleeper who wakes from dreaming—
Her past lies under a funeral pall.

Her day is dead and her star descended
Never to rise or shine again ;
Her reign is over—her Queenship ended—
A new name is sounded and sung by men.

All the glitter and glow and splendour,
All the glory of that lost day,
With the friends that seemed true, and the love that
seemed tender,
Why, what is it all but a dead bouquet ?

She rises to go. Has the night turned colder ?
The new Queen answers to call and shout ;
And the old Queen looks back over her shoulder,
Then all unnoticed she passes out.

FAITH

I WILL not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails ;
I shall believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me ;
And though I weep because those sails are battered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
‘ I trust in Thee.’

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still, white Realm above ;
I shall believe it is an all-wise Love
Which has refused those things for which I yearn ;
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive ;
I shall believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain ;
And though I groan and tremble with my crosses,
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,
The greater gain.

I will not doubt ; well-anchored in the faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale ;
So strong its courage that it will not fail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of Death.
Oh, may I cry when body parts with spirit,
'I do not doubt,' so listening worlds may hear it,
With my last breath.

THE TRUE KNIGHT

WE sigh above historic pages,
Brave with the deeds of courtly men
And wish those peers of middle ages
In our dull day could live again.
And yet no knight or troubadour began
In chivalry with the American.

He does not frequent joust or tourney,
And flaunt his lady's colours there ;
But in the tedium of a journey,
He shows that deferential care—
That thoughtful kindness to the sex at large,
Which makes each woman feel herself his charge.

He does not challenge foes to duel,
To win his lady's cast-off glove,
But proves in ways less rash and cruel
The truth and fervour of his love.
Not by bold deeds, but by his reverent mien,
He pays his public tribute to his Queen.

He may not shine with courtly graces,
But yet, his kind, respectful air
To woman, whatso'er her place is,
It might be well if kings could share.
So, for the chivalric true gentleman,
Give me, I say, our own American.

THE CITY

I OWN the charms of lovely Nature ; still,
In human nature more delight I find.
Though sweet the murmuring voices of the rill,
I much prefer the voices of my kind

I like the roar of cities. In the mart,
Where busy toilers strive for place and gain,
I seem to read humanity's great heart,
And share its hopes, its pleasures, and its pain.

The rush of hurrying trains that cannot wait,
The tread of myriad feet, all say to me,
'You are the architect of your own fate ;
Toil on, hope on, and dare to do and be.

I like the jangled music of the loud
Bold Bells ; the whistle's sudden shrill reply ;
And there is inspiration in a crowd—
A magnetism flashed from eye to eye.

My sorrows all seem lightened, and my joys
Augmented, when the comrade world walks near ;
Close to mankind my soul best keeps its poise.
Give me the great town's bustle, strife, and noise,
And let who will hold Nature's calm more dear.

WOMAN

GIVE us that grand word 'woman' once again,
And let's have done with 'lady': one's a term
Full of fine force, strong, beautiful, and firm,
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen ;
And one's a word for lackeys. One suggests
The Mother, Wife, and Sister ! One the dame
Whose costly robe, mayhap, gives her the name.
One word upon its own strength leans and rests ;
The other minces tiptoe. Who would be
The perfect woman must grow brave of heart
And broad of soul to play her troubled part
Well in Life's drama. While each day we see
The 'perfect lady' skilled in what to do
And what to say, grace in each tone and act
('Tis taught in schools, but needs some native tact),
Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.
Give the first place then to the nobler phrase,
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO
THE BODY

SO we must part for ever ; and although
I long have beat my wings and cried to go,
Free from your narrow limiting control,
Forth into space, the true home of the soul,

Yet now, yet now that hour is drawing near,
I pause reluctant, finding you so dear.
All joys await me in the realm of God—
Must you, my comrade, moulder in the sod ?

I was your captive, yet you were my slave :
Your prisoner, yet obedience you gave
To all my earnest wishes and commands.
Now to the worm I leave those willing hands

That toiled for me or held the books I read,
Those feet that trod where'er I wished to tread,
Those arms that clasped my dear ones, and the
breast

On which one loved and loving heart found rest,

Those lips through which my prayers to God have
risen,

Those eyes that were the windows to my prison.
From these, all these, Death's Angel bids me sever ;
Dear Comrade Body, fare thee well for ever !

I go to my inheritance, and go
With joy that only the freed soul can know ;
Yet in my spirit wanderings I trust
I may sometimes pause near your sacred dust.

THIMBLE ISLANDS

(OFF LONG ISLAND SOUND)

BETWEEN the shore and the distant sky-lands,
Where a ship's dim shape seems etched on space
There lies this cluster of lovely islands,
Like laughing mermaids grouped in grace.

I look out over the waves and wonder,
Are they not sirens who dwell in the sea ?
When the tide runs high they dip down under
Like mirthful bathers who sport in glee.

When the tide runs low they lift their shoulders
Above the billows and gaily spread
Their soft green garments along the boulders
Of grim grey granite that form their bed.

Close by the group, in sheltered places,
Many a ship at anchor lies,
And drinks the charm of their smiling faces,
As lovers drink smiles from maidens' eyes.

But true to the harsh and stern old ocean,
As maids in a harem are true to one,
They give him all of their heart's devotion,
Though wooed for ever by moon and sun.

A ship sails on that has bravely waded
Through foaming billows to sue in vain ;
A whip-poor-will flies that has serenaded
And sung unanswered his plaintive strain.

In the sea's great arms I see them lying,
Bright and beaming and fond and fair,
While the jealous July day is dying
In a crimson fury of mad despair.

The desolate moon drifts slowly over,
And covers its face with the lace of a cloud,
While the sea, like a glad triumphant lover,
Clasps close his islands and laughs aloud.

MY GRAVE

IF, when I die, I must be buried, let
No cemetery engulf me—no lone grot,
Where the great palpitating world comes not,
Save when, with heart bowed down and eyelids wet,
It pays its last sad melancholy debt
To some outjourneying pilgrim. May my lot
Be rather to lie in some much-used spot,
Where human life, with all its noise and fret,

Throbs on about me. Let the roll of wheels,
 With all earth's sounds of pleasure, commerce, love,
 And rush of hurrying feet, surge o'er my head.
 Even in my grave I shall be one who feels
 Close kinship with the pulsing world above ;
 And too deep silence would distress me, dead.

REFUTED

'Anticipation is sweeter than realisation.'

IT may be, yet I have not found it so.
 In those first golden dreams of future fame
 I did not find such happiness as came
 When toil was crowned with triumph. Now I know
 My words have recognition, and will go
 Straight to some listening heart, my early aim,
 To win the idle glory of a name,
 Pales like a candle in the noonday's glow.

So with the deeper joys of which I dreamed :
 Life yields more rapture than did childhood's fancies,
 And each year brings more pleasure than I waited.
 Friendship proves truer than of old it seemed,
 And, all beyond youth's passion-hued romances,
 Love is more perfect than anticipated.

THE LOST LAND

THERE is a story of a beauteous land,
 Where fields were fertile and where flowers
 were bright ;
 Where tall towers glistened in the morning light,
 Where happy children wandered hand in hand,
 Where lovers wrote their names upon the sand.
 They say it vanished from all human sight ;
 The hungry sea devoured it in a night.
 You doubt the tale ? ah, you will understand ;
 For, as men muse upon that fable old,
 They give sad credence always at the last,
 However they have cavilled at its truth,
 When with a tear-dimmed vision they behold,
 Swift sinking in the ocean of the Past,
 The lovely lost Atlantis of their Youth.

THE SOUTH

A QUEEN of indolence and idle grace,
 Robed in the vestments of a costly gown,
 She turns the languor of her lovely face
 Upon progression with a lazy frown.
 Her throne is built upon a marshy down ;
 Malarial mosses wreathe her like old lace ;
 With slim crossed feet, unshod and bare and brown,
 She sits indifferent to the world's swift race.

Across the seas there stalks an ogre grim :
Too languid she for even fear's alarms,
While frightened nations rally in defence,
She lifts her smiling Creole eyes to him,
And reaching out her shapely unwashed arms
She clasps her rightful lover—Pestilence.

A SAILOR'S WIFE

(HER MEMORY)

SUN in my lattice, and sun on the sea
(Oh, but the sun is fair),
And a sky of blue and a sea of green,
And a ship with a white, white sail between,
And a light wind blowing free—
And back from the stern, and forth from the land,
The last farewell of a waving hand.

Mist on the window and mist on the sea
(Oh, but the mist is grey),
And the weird, tall shape of a spectral mast
Gleams out of the fog like a ghost of my past,
And the old hope stirs in me—
The old, old hope that warred with doubt,
While the years with the tides surged in and out.

Rain on my window and rain on the sea
 (Oh, but the rain is sad),
 And only the dreams of a vanished barque
 And a vanished youth shine through the dark,
 And torture the night and me.
 But somewhere, I think, near some fair strand
 That lost ship lies with its waving hand.

LIFE'S JOURNEY

AS we speed out of youth's sunny station,
 The track seems to shine in the light,
 But it suddenly shoots over chasms
 Or sinks into tunnels of night.
 And the hearts that were brave in the morning
 Are filled with repining and fears,
 As they pause at the City of Sorrow
 Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey
 The hand of the Master has made ;
 With all its discomforts and dangers,
 We need not be sad or afraid.
 Paths leading from light into darkness,
 Ways plunging from gloom to despair,
 Wind out through the tunnels of midnight
 To fields that are blooming and fair.

Though the rocks and the shadows surround us,
 Though we catch not one gleam of the day,
Above us fair cities are laughing,
 And dipping white feet in some bay.
And always, eternal, for ever,
 Down over the hills in the west,
The last final end of our journey,
 There lies the Great Station of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all railways,
 All roads unite here when they end ;
'Tis the final resort of all tourists,
 All rival lines meet here and blend.
All tickets, all mile-books, all passes,
 If stolen or begged for or bought,
On whatever road or division,
 Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble,
 Or wait in the Valley of Tears,
Be patient, the train will move onward,
 And rush down the track of the years.
Whatever the place is you seek for,
 Whatever your game or your quest,
You shall come at the last with rejoicing,
 To the beautiful City of Rest.

THE DISAPPOINTED

You shall store all your baggage of worries,
 You shall feel perfect peace in this realm,
 You shall sail with old friends on fair waters,
 With joy and delight at the helm.
 You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens
 With those who have loved you the best,
 And the hopes that were lost in life's journey
 You shall find in the City of Rest.

THE DISAPPOINTED

THERE are songs enough for the hero
 Who dwells on the heights of fame ;
 I sing for the disappointed—
 For those who have missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
 For one who stands in the dark,
 And knows that his last, best arrow
 Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
 The eager, anxious soul,
 Who falls with his strength exhausted,
 Almost in sight of the goal ;

For the hearts that break in silence,
 With a sorrow all unknown,
 For those who need companions,
 Yet walk their ways alone.

THE DISAPPOINTED

211

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain,
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing, with a heart o'erflowing,
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the Solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

FISHING

MAYBE this is fun, sitting in the sun,
With a book and parasol, as my Angler wishes,
While he dips his line in the ocean brine,
Under the impression that his bait will catch the fishes.

'Tis romantic, yes, but I must confess

Thoughts of shady rooms at home somehow seem more
inviting.

But I dare not move—' Quiet, there, my love !'

Says my Angler, ' for I think a monster fish is biting.'

Oh, of course it's bliss, but how hot it is !

And the rock I'm sitting on grows harder every
minute ;

Still my fisher waits, trying various baits,

But the basket at his side I see has nothing in it.

Oh, it's just the way to pass a July day,

Arcadian and sentimental, dreamy, idle, charming,

But how fierce the sunlight falls! and the way that insect
crawls

Along my neck and down my back is really quite
alarming.

' Any luck ?' I gently ask of the Angler at his task,

' There's something pulling at my line,' he says ; ' I've
almost caught it.'

But when with blistered face we our homeward steps
retrace,

We take the little basket just as empty as we brought it.

A PIN

O H, I know a certain lady who is reckoned with the
good,
Yet she fills me with more terror than a raging lion
would.
The little chills run up and down my spine whenc'er we
meet,
Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim
and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged
sin,
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
And she pricks you and she sticks you in a way that can't
be said.
If you seek for what has hurt you—why, you cannot find
the head!

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain.
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain!
A pin is such a tiny thing, of that there is no doubt,
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh you're wretched till
it's out.

She's wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty
girl,
She is always sure to tell her if her hair is out of curl;

And she is so sympathetic to her friend who's much
admired,

She is often heard remarking, 'Dear, you look so worn
and tired.'

And she is an honest critic, for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said, 'Oh, how becoming!' and then gently
added, 'it

Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit.'

Then she said, 'If you had heard me yester eve, I'm
sure, my friend,

You would say I was a champion who knows how to
defend.'

And she left me with a feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it hadn't been
for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day.
And the hat that was imported (and which cost me half
a sonnet),

With just one glance from her round eyes becomes a
Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and pointed for
a thrust ;

Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather
rust.

Oh ! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would
begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin !

THE ACTOR

O MAN, with your wonderful dower,
O woman, with genius and grace,
You can teach the whole world with your power,
If you are but worthy the place.
The stage is a force and a factor
In moulding the thought of the day,
If only the heart of the actor
Is high as the theme of the play.

No discourse or sermon can reach us
Through feeling to reason like you ;
No author can stir us and teach us
With lessons as subtle and true.
Your words and your gestures obeying
We weep or rejoice with your part,
And the player, behind all his playing,
He ought to be great as his art.

No matter what rôle you are giving,
No matter what skill you betray,
The everyday life you are living
Is certain to colour the play.

The thoughts we call secret and hidden
 Are creatures of malice, in fact ;
 They steal forth unseen and unbidden,
 And permeate motive and act.

The genius that shines like a comet
 Fills only one part of God's plan,
 If the lesson the world derives from it
 Is marred by the life of the man.
 Be worthy your work if you love it ;
 The king should be fit for the crown ;
 Stand high as your art, or above it,
 And make us look up and not down.

ILLOGICAL

SHE stood beside me while I gave an
 order for a bonnet.
 She shuddered when I said, ' And put
 a bright bird's wing upon it.

A member of the Audubon Society was she ;
 And cutting were her comments made on
 worldly folks like me.

She spoke about the helpless birds we wickedly
 were harming ;
 She quoted the statistics, and they really
 were alarming ;

NEW YEAR

I SAW on the hills of the morning
The form of the New Year arise,
He stood like a statue adorning
The world with a background of skies.
There were courage and grace in his beautiful face,
And hope in his glorious eyes.

'I come from Time's boundless forever,'
He said, with a voice like a song.

'I come as a friend to endeavour,
I come as a foe to all wrong.
To the sad and afraid I bring promise of aid,
And the weak I will gird and make strong.

'I bring you more blessings than terrors,
I bring you more sunlight than gloom,
I tear out your page of old errors,
And hide them away in Time's tomb.
I reach you clean hands, and lead on to the lands
Where the lilies of peace are in bloom.'

NEW YEAR

AS the old year sinks down in Time's ocean,
Stand ready to launch with the new,
And waste no regrets, no emotion,
As the masts and the spars pass from view.
Weep not if some treasures go under
And sink in the rotten ship's hold,
That blithe bonny barque sailing yonder
May bring you more wealth than the old.

For the world is for ever improving,
All the past is not worth one to-day,
And whatever deserves our true loving
Is stronger than death or decay.
Old love, was it wasted devotion ?
Old friends, were they weak or untrue ?
Well, let them sink there in mid-ocean,
And gaily sail on to the new.

Throw overboard toil misdirected,
Throw overboard ill-advised hope,
With aims which, your soul has detected,
Have self as their centre and scope.
Throw overboard useless regretting
For deeds which you cannot undo,
And learn the great art of forgetting
Old things which embitter the new.

NOW

Sing who will of dead years departed,
 I shroud them and bid them adieu,
 And the song that I sing, happy-hearted
 Is a song of the glorious new.

NOW

ONE looks behind him to some vanished time,
 And says, 'Ah, I was happy then, alack !
 I did not know it was my life's best prime—
 Oh, if I could go back !'

Another looks, with eager eyes aglow,
 To some glad day of joy that yet will dawn,
 And sighs, 'I shall be happy then, I know ;
 Oh, let me hurry on !'

But I—I look out on my fair To-day ;
 I clasp it close, and kiss its radiant brow.
 Here with the perfect present let me stay,
 For I am happy now !

2260

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